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Mrs A Miles
Book

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MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

OF

Mrs. Laura M. B. Pease,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION

CONTAINING A BRIEF

BIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR.

HARTFORD:
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1853.

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Meburg - 18 May, 1945

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Introduction.*

THIS little work is not designed to give *publicity* to the writings of their beloved author; though some of them, it is believed, are of a character to commend themselves to the attention, and excite the interest, of the general reader.

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*It has been thought best to embody in the introduction, what, in a work intended for general circulation, might more properly form a preface.

Its *special* object is, to put into a convenient and durable form, for the purpose of distribution among her relatives, and more intimate friends, as an interesting and valuable memento of one for whom they entertained the highest regard and strongest affection, such of her compositions as are thought to possess sufficient merit to render their preservation desirable to them; together with a Biography, giving the leading events and circumstances of her life, and a brief description of her mental, moral, and religious character.

An additional motive, also, and one of no little influence in the determination to adopt this mode of preserving the writings of Mrs.

Pease, and the accompanying biography, is, the strong desire that her son, whose winning smile, and loving kiss, had just commenced to delight the eye, and rejoice the heart, of his devoted mother, but whose infant lips had not yet learned to speak that endearing name, when death terminated her earthly existence, should know more of her character than he would be likely to in any other way; and the ardent hope, that such knowledge, and a just regard for her intense solicitude for his welfare, and a due appreciation of her many excellencies and virtues, may not only incite him to the diligent cultivation of his mental powers, but have a happy influence in restraining him from those evil courses, and the formation of

those vicious habits, into which the young are so often tempted, and leading him into the paths of truth, purity, and goodness; and confirming him in the belief and practice of all those moral and religious principles that ennoble and bless mankind.

As a further preliminary, it is proper to state, that, with perhaps two or three exceptions, none of the pieces here presented were written for publication; and, as any material alteration of them, in their preparation for the press, would not be in accordance with the design of this work, they appear here without having undergone that critical revision to which, under other circumstances, they would have been subjected.

Their arrangement here is as nearly in accordance with the time at which they were written, as could be ascertained; those first written being placed first, and the others succeeding in that order.

Laura Mitchell Pease was the daughter of the Hon. Walter Booth, of Meriden, New Haven County, Connecticut, by his first wife, Laura Mitchell; and was born there, on the 16th day of July, 1822.

Her mother was a woman of remarkable loveliness of character; exemplifying a sincere and fervent piety in her daily life, and possessing in an eminent degree that sweetness of temper, refinement of feeling, and amiableness

of disposition, which so highly adorn her sex, and which add so much to the happiness, and are so certain to secure the esteem and affection, of all within their influence.

Of her father, — as he is living — the writer feels restrained by the circumstances of the case, and his known feelings and wishes in relation to it, from speaking, in this connection, in those terms of commendation which might otherwise be appropriate. He may be permitted to say, however, as being necessary to a correct knowledge of the more important influences under which Mrs. Pease's character was formed, that Mr. Booth is a man of strong and well-balanced mind; of mild temper, and remarkable equanimity; of the kindest heart

and tenderest sympathies; of wide and active benevolence, and high moral and religious principle. In his social habits, he is bland and cheerful, dignified and courteous. His religious character is marked by that toleration and charity which manifest an entire freedom from bigotry and fanaticism; by a strict and devout observance of all the Christian ordinances, and a conscientious discharge of its duties. The various important offices of honor and trust he has filled, are evincive of the confidence reposed in his integrity and ability by his fellow-citizens.

From this slight sketch of the character of Mrs. Pease's parents, in connection with the fact, that her two sisters (the only children of

her parents older than herself that survived infancy) were amiable and intelligent, and, besides being agreeable companions for her, were of an age — one being eleven, and the other six, years, her elders — to be qualified to guard, counsel, and instruct her, it will be seen, that her early associations were highly favorable to the formation of that estimable character which distinguished her. It is impossible to form an adequate conception of the advantage to the young, of such domestic influences. These influences, it is true, are more or less modified by the other associations, and the natural temper and disposition of those on whom they operate; but, in any case, how different the effect on the youthful mind, of a

cheerful, peaceful, affectionate, and prayerful home, from that where ill-temper, selfishness, wrangling, and impiety prevail!

Though at all periods of her life, cheerful, Laura's childhood and early youth were marked by a sprightliness and vivacity which those who knew her only in her maturer years, would not be likely to imagine as having characterized her. She was of very active temperament, and, at that time, uncommonly full of life, sportiveness, and glee; and, in her frolicsome moods, with her merry laugh, and eyes brimful of innocent mirthfulness, she seemed the very impersonation of Youthful Happiness. Her opportunities of education during this pe-

riod, other than those enjoyed at home, with the exception of an occasional quarter's attendance at a select school, whenever there was a suitable one near, were such as the common schools of the place afforded. In these, the higher branches were not then taught; the studies being usually limited to the four elementary ones, of reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. These were generally, however, thoroughly taught; and Laura, being unusually apt to learn, committing to memory easily, and retaining well what she learned, was able— without that close application and laborious effort necessary in most cases, but for which her delicacy of constitution disqualified her — to meet all the requirements of her teachers,

and was, so far as these branches are concerned, a good scholar. Her letters and little compositions at this youthful period, — for writing which, she manifested quite a taste, — exhibited that easy flow of thought, and facility of expression, which mark her later writings. It was not, however, till she had awakened to those new emotions and new views consequent upon a few years' advancement in life, and a more extensive intercourse with society, and had acquired by attendance at higher schools a better education, and, it should be added, not until Religion had imparted tone and dignity to her thoughts and feelings, that she began to exhibit that taste and talent for expressing them in poetry, which characterized her.

Her social and religious character, as will hereafter be seen, were such as to render her society and companionship particularly desirable and agreeable to her acquaintances, as well as to afford herself that high pleasure and satisfaction which constitute true happiness; and, for several years succeeding her discontinuance at school, her time was passed in those varied occupations in which her social, moral, and intellectual tastes would, at that period of life, be likely to incline her to engage; nothing occurring of a nature to materially mar her happiness, until the year 1841, when she experienced her first severe affliction, in the loss of her mother, who died in the spring of that year. Her eldest sister, Mrs. Tibbals, had, in-

deed, died some eighteen months previously, but Laura was so young when this sister married and left home, and she had been with her so little since, and was, too, at an age when other thoughts so occupied her mind, that she did not feel her loss as she would otherwise have done. In fact, as she told the writer, it was not until she was married herself, and was, consequently, better able to understand her sister's relation and duties, and to enter into her thoughts and feelings, as a wife and mother, that she was qualified to appreciate her truly excellent and lovely character, and became fully sensible of the bereavement.

But her Mother!—she who had so unremittingly and so tenderly watched over her infan-

tile days, and whose unceasing solicitude for her happiness and welfare had followed her through all succeeding years, constantly expressing itself in those acts which the loving heart of a sweet-tempered, yet firm and judicious mother can only dictate,—she who had been, not only her kind counselor, but familiar confident, who had sympathized with her in every sorrow, solaced her in every trouble, and rejoiced with her in every joy;—to lose her!—no more to hear the sweet tones of that gentle voice, nor look upon that mild eye, and lovely countenance,—this was, truly, the tearing asunder of ties, which, if not the strongest that bind together human hearts, are so close and tender, as to render the bereavement, indeed,

most severe and afflictive; and, to bear up under it, put into requisition all Laura's strength of mind and Christian principle, and it was, then, not until the lapse of years, that she so far recovered from it as fully to resume her former cheerfulness.

She spent the winter succeeding the death of her mother, in Baltimore, with her sister, Mrs. Hotchkiss, who had resided there a number of years, and who, though very susceptible of emotions of grief for the loss of friends, and feeling, most deeply, that of her mother, was so situated as to be better able to meet the affliction with resignation than Laura; the cares and responsibilities devolving upon her

as a wife and mother, and the influences which the companionship of a kind husband and young children naturally exert on the feelings, tending much to assuage the bitterness of her grief; and these circumstances, joined with her great amiability, deep piety, and happy balance of mind, rendered her society peculiarly fitted to exercise that soothing influence on the mind of Laura, which the state of her feelings required.

While in Baltimore, she wrote several pieces of poetry that her friends there thought worthy of publication, and, at their solicitation, she permitted them to appear in the newspapers of the day. During her brief stay with her

sister, she made many acquaintances, and won, to a remarkable degree, their esteem and affection; and she always looked back on the winter spent at Baltimore, with great pleasure and satisfaction.

She returned home in the spring of 1842, her father being about to marry again; which event took place in May of that year. From this time till her marriage she continued to reside with her parents; employing her time in the various domestic duties, in the cultivation of her mind, in social intercourse, in deeds of charity and benevolence, and in the advancement, in numerous ways, of the cause of religion and virtue. From various causes, among which were the feeble health of her own moth-

er, and her consequent inability to teach her personally as she wished, and her own delicacy of constitution, Laura's education in household affairs had been too much neglected; but, during the period she spent at home after her father's second marriage, she acquired, under the judicious supervision of her step-mother, that knowledge of housewifery which is necessary to fit a woman for the duties and responsibilities of Mistress of a family; and without which, married life should not be entered upon.

By her father's second marriage, her circle of acquaintance was considerably extended, and many pleasant and valuable friends added to

her society; chiefly in Warehouse-Point, a village some thirty miles from Meriden, her step-mother's native place, and usual, former residence. Among these new acquaintances was Mr. Pease, who, being much pleased with her, paid her his addresses, gained her affections, and, being in all respects worthy, and their matrimonial union meeting the entire approval of her parents, they were, after some three years' acquaintance, married, on the sixteenth of January, 1845. Shortly after her marriage, she left the paternal roof for her new home in Warehouse-Point, where she continued to reside the remainder of her life. Blessed with a kind and excellent husband, who took pleasure in affording her every means of enjoyment in

his power, and surrounded by numerous friends, she passed this brief period as happily as a frail constitution, and the checkered circumstances of human life, often permit.

In estimating Mrs. Pease's intellectual chacter and abilities, it should be understood, and borne in mind, that her education, though in the more elementary branches, good, was, yet, in many respects, quite limited, or entirely deficient; her studies embracing none of the foreign languages, nor the higher mathematics; and little of those natural sciences which are justly considered so essential to a thorough education, and that are now, more and more, made so important a part of it in all our sem-

inaries of learning. Her reading, also, though sufficient to give her a knowledge of the more prominent events of history, and to render her general information pretty good, was by no means extensive. Inheriting from her mother a delicacy of constitution that did not permit close and long continued application to study, without serious injury to her health, she was prevented from availing herself, to the extent she desired, and to which her natural tastes inclined her, of those opportunities of cultivating her mind, which her father's pecuniary circumstances could, and his most ardent wishes would, have afforded.

In the course of her reading, she sometimes became greatly interested in works on abstruse

and difficult subjects; controversial writings on religious doctrines, works discussing metaphysical and philosophical principles, and involving profound research, and deep, logical argument, and requiring the utmost stretch of the intellectual faculties to understand and appreciate; but she generally preferred such as reflected most the feelings of her heart, its pure impulses and affections, and her love of the good and the beautiful. The moral and religious elements were prominent in her character, and she loved those books which appealed most to these sentiments. She read few novels, and those not of the more romantic kind. She was particularly fond of poetry, and liked that best which is most full of tender

sympathy, warm humanity, noble virtue, and beautiful illustration.

Mrs. Pease early evinced, and always retained, an ardent love of Nature, a most lively perception of its beauties, and a singular susceptibility to its deeper, spiritual influences. She was exceedingly fond of flowers, and delighted to cull, and arrange them into bouquets, to adorn the house, or present to her friends. She was particularly pleased with the wild and picturesque in natural scenery, and looked on all those manifold objects of grandeur, sublimity, and beauty, that nature presents to the view, with emotions of peculiar delight and satisfaction; contemplating them all, —

the flowers of the garden, the verdure of the fields, trees loaded with fruit, the waving grain and leafy woods, animals, the lofty mountain, the rolling ocean, the gentle rivulet, the placid moon, the effulgent sun, and the sublime stars, — not, as is too generally the case, as so many things intended merely to minister to our physical wants, but as being pervaded by an invisible spirit, mysteriously speaking through them to the heart and soul, and exerting a moral and spiritual influence upon us far transcending in importance their merely *physical* uses. This love and appreciation of nature gave a character to her writings to which they owe much of their beauty and effect, as well as a charm to her conversation that greatly hightened its interest.

Mrs. Pease wrote with remarkable ease and rapidity; her ideas being intuitive, rather than studied, and her productions never being the result of laborious mental effort. Indeed, her compositions were not generally intended to exercise the intellect so much as to affect the heart; though some of them are of a more highly intellectual character. They were usually called forth, either by some affliction, and designed as consolations to the mourning; or intended as tributes of esteem and affection to her relatives and friends; or to give expression to some pleasing retrospect, or picture some sad or delightful memory; to depict the loveliness and beauties of nature, or give utterance to her religious sentiments and devo-

tional feelings; and it adds greatly to their value to her friends, that they are so much the embodiment of herself, so expressive of her own mental and moral characteristics, and so peculiarly the spontaneous outgushings of her own feelings and affections, her charity and love.

Her style is marked by great simplicity and naturalness; and her illustrations exhibit that peculiar insight into, and intuitive perception of, those more secret and hidden relations and harmonies, connections and resemblances, between the mind and the material world, which show the truly poetic soul. Her fancy was vivid, and her imagination fertile; her imagery

and illustrations, however, being drawn from the beautiful, rather than from the grand and sublime in nature. She possessed that happy nnion of taste and imagination, feeling and judgment, which kept her alike from the grotesque and ridiculous, the absurd and nonsensical, in her writings. Her productions display natural gifts, rather than extensive attainments; their merit depending on no studied, artificial rules of composition. The absence of classical allusions in her writings is attributable to that limited education which has been previously remarked upon.

Mrs. Pease had, also, a reflecting mind, and possessed logical and reasoning powers that

enabled her to grasp and comprehend the principles of almost any subject to which she gave much attention; and she discussed theological, and many other questions, with a penetration and soundness of judgment, a power of analysis, and a cogency of argument, that evinced an unusually clear and vigorous understanding. From the personal knowledge that her friends and acquaintances have of her mental abilities, together with that afforded by her writings, they may fairly infer, that, with the mental culture requisite to give that extent of information and range of thought, necessary for success in the higher fields of mental exertion, she might have soared into those loftier regions of poetic

composition, to which, the humble effusions here presented make no pretensions.

But, whatever opinion may be formed of her intellectual abilities, it is in her affectional, social, moral, and religious character, that are found those qualities that most endeared her to her friends, and which claim the largest share of their regard; and it is to these that their hearts turn with the fondest and most affectionate remembrance.

Her disposition was singularly sweet and lovely, exhibiting all those amiable and estimable qualities which characterized that of her mother; indeed, the temper and disposition of both her parents found their perfection in her.

Never was there a more loving and dutiful child, or a more kind and affectionate sister. Indeed, her love for her parents, although it included it, was something more than mere *filial* affection; being nothing less than pure, intense, disinterested love.

In her social intercourse, she exhibited that artless simplicity and ingenuousness, that entire freedom from all affectation and arrogance, that uniform cheerfulness, that sweetness of temper, that confiding disposition, that kindness and gentleness of spirit and manner, so attractive in woman, and which won the love and esteem of all who knew her. She had that kindness of heart, and that nice

sense of propriety, that never permitted her to do or say anything purposely to wound the feelings of the humblest individual; and her humanity was so tender, that she would not intentionally harm the poorest and meanest of God's creatures. She always manifested the utmost charity, and was remarkably free from that spirit of detraction and denunciation so common in the world, and which is so great a blemish in the character. It was a rare thing to hear her speak ill of any one, however much she disliked them. She had little, too, of that discontented and envious spirit which is the fruitful source of so much misery and unhappiness.

Benevolent, sympathetic, and tender-heart-

ed, she delighted in nothing more than in relieving the wants and the sufferings, and alleviating the sorrows and miseries, of the poor, the destitute, and the afflicted; and it afforded her additional pleasure and satisfaction to minister personally to their necessities; which she did always in such a manner as to secure their gratitude and love. She was fond of society, and always greeted her friends with the most sincere cordiality; was easy and fluent in conversation, united a good deal of vivacity with great purity of thought and feeling, and a softness and gentleness of spirit with much firmness and stability;—in short, the intellectual, moral, affectional, and social, were so harmoniously blended in her nature,

as to render her always an agreeable companion, and valuable friend.

Mrs. Pease's religious character constituted her crowning excellence; and was such as might be expected to result from the operation of Christian principles upon a mind like hers, and a heart so full of kindly affections and amiable impulses. Her mind was awakened to the subject of religion at a very youthful period, and she became pious, and united with the Presbyterian, or Orthodox Congregational, Church, at the early age of twelve years. That she thus early embraced religion is attributable, doubtless, in no small degree, to that highly favorable parental influence be-

forementioned; and her Christian character through life bore, strongly, the impress of that influence. There was that in the example of her parents' daily lives that could not have failed to give her mind a strong religious tendency, and something so sincere, devout, earnest, and holy, in the family prayers of her father, as he daily, morning and evening, invoked the Divine blessing, acknowledging his sins and shortcomings, and humbly asking for pardon and forgiveness, — they were so full of good-will, charity, and love, so ennobling, lofty, and purifying, that it is impossible they should not have had a powerful effect on her heart. The writer has never been more forci-

bly impressed with the truth of those lines of Young:

> "Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
> Of glory on the consecrated hour
> Of man in audience with the Deity,"

than when listening in devotional attitude to those prayers.

In the exhibition of her Christian character, and in the performance of the Christian duties, Mrs. Pease was equally removed from cold formality, and unbecoming levity. Her piety was not morose and repulsive, but of that cheerful kind which, while it imparted elevation and dignity to her mind and feel-

ings, did not render her gloomy and unsocial. Wholly free from cant, or any affected humility, the Christian virtues and graces were so beautifully exemplified in her daily life as to render them lovely and attractive. She was faithful, firm, constant, and unwavering, in the performance of what she considered to be Christian duties, and active and efficient in all those associations, institutions, and enterprises, having for their object the promotion of Christianity, the dissemination of knowledge, and the amelioration of the condition of mankind, which approved themselves to her judgment; engaging zealously in the Sabbath-school, in missionary efforts, and in most of the benevolent enterprises of the day. Mrs.

Pease was liberal in her feelings toward those who differed from her in religious opinions, and singularly free, alike, from bigotry, fanaticism, and uncharitableness.

Though a member of another communion at the time of her marriage, and never *formally* disconnected with it, she at once and unhesitatingly became a regular attendant and communicant of the Church to which her husband belonged, — the Episcopal, — and so continued till her death.

The following extract from the discourse of Rev. Mr. Bates, the clergyman of the church of which she was a member, on the occasion of her funeral, renders any further notice of

her religious character unnecessary. The remarks contained in the extract will be the more appreciated, as coming from one whose opinion and statements concerning her may be considered entirely unprejudiced.

"Our friend, she whose death we this day mourn, was one whose hopes and affections were, as we trust, with intelligence and firmness, placed on God as her Father, and on Christ as her Redeemer and Saviour. Were I to select from our midst one for our example and imitation in this respect, I could not find one more worthy of being followed by us. Early given back to God in baptism, and early being devoted to the fulfillment of vows

to live soberly, righteously, and godly, she devoted her whole life to the work of the Christian. She never lost sight of the fact, that this life is a state of probation, trial, and death. Urged by no tendency to fanaticism or undue enthusiasm, she yet was very active in doing good in the sphere of life in which she moved. To the poor and the needy, to the sick and the sorrowful, was she ever ready to administer comforts as God gave her ability; and when through any cause she was unable to go in person to the couch of the sick, or to the house of the mourner, often was a note assuring of sympathy, or a stanza of poetry, sent breathing the sweetness of her affection, and guiding the afflicted

heart upward to Him who alone can give songs when our sun goes down, and the darkness of night comes upon us. Her mind seemed not moved by bigotry, but her soul seemed expanded by love and charity toward all men, and evident to all was it, that she daily sought to live by prayer and faith on the Son of God, her Savior, and to keep a conscience void of offense against God and against man. Such was she whom we loved, — such was she whom we have lost, — such was she whom we all mourn. Grief is not confined on this occasion to the dear partner of her bosom, or her honored parents, or this circle of relatives, but this whole commu-

nity as they have known her value and have seen her worth, so do they all mourn."

As a wife, Mrs. Pease was everything that a reasonable man could ask, and that her frail health permitted; industrious and frugal, affectionate, cheerful, and submissive; exerting herself to the utmost to please her husband, and make him happy. As has been before remarked, her constitution was delicate, and, though not of that extremely feeble kind as to disqualify her, usually, for the discharge of any duties, or engaging in any employments, requiring but little muscular exertion, or close and long continued application, she lacked that physical strength and energy which sound

health imparts. The same exertion which, by most persons, would be felt only as agreeable and healthful exercise, or at any rate, be attended with little weariness, would, with her, often produce very great fatigue and exhaustion. The many and great disadvantages of such a constitution can be fully known, only to those who are so unfortunate as to experience them.

Mrs. Pease paid sufficient attention to music to be able to sing, and play the piano-forte, tolerably; but her ear was not good enough to permit of excellence in that department; and—what is rather uncommon with those who have *any* ear and voice—she was perfectly aware of her deficiency in this respect.

In dress, she was tasteful, but plain, always avoiding the gaudy, flaunting, and fantastical; and in manners, easy, pleasing, and refined.

In delineating the character of Mrs. Pease, it has been the aim of the writer to avoid running into excessive commendation, or extravagant eulogy; to be careful not to ascribe to her qualities of which she was destitute, or virtues she did not possess; but to conform in all respects to what those best acquainted with her would know to be strictly true. From the fact, that many of her friends know little of the circumstances of her early life, as well as for other more obvious reasons, they have been more minutely detailed than would, otherwise, be considered necessary.

That Mrs. Pease had faults, is not denied; for that would be to make her more than human; but most of her apparent *faults* were *imperfections*, *infirmities*, rather than faults; the result, often, of her peculiar temperament, her delicacy of health, and the strength and tenderness of her affections. Conscious of being actuated by good motives, and never designing to displease, she was somewhat too sensitive to any word of censure or disapprobation that fell from the lips of her friends; particularly from those who stood in the nearest and dearest relations to her; and she would sometimes weep, and grieve, and be depressed in heart, in consequence; but, as discords in music, when quickly followed by

full harmony, serve, sometimes, to render the melody the more pleasing, and to highten the general effect, so these states of feeling were so quickly succeeded by such happy, cheerful, and forgiving looks, that, if they gave no additional charm to her character, did little to lessen its loveliness; or, as dew-drops on the opening flower are the promise of its fuller and more beautiful unfolding, so the pearly tears that sadness brought to her eyes, were the sure precursors of a brighter and lovelier manifestation of those amiable qualities, and Christian virtues, that so highly adorned her character.

Another of her defects was an extreme sen-

sitiveness, and excessive tenderness of feeling, in regard to witnessing those *severer*, *physical* pains and sufferings which disease, accident, and other causes, are constantly producing, and which we are so frequently obliged to look upon; — sometimes to inflict; — and that circumstances so often render it our duty to assist in alleviating. This was in some measure owing, doubtless, to the fact, that, having but one brother, (that survived infancy,) and he much younger than herself, his companionship had much less influence on her, in tempering these feelings, than is usually exerted upon sisters by association with the rougher natures of brothers. Other defects might be

mentioned, but of such minor consequence as to render their notice unimportant.

On the 3d day of August, 1850, Mrs. Pease gave birth to a son; and from that demand upon her frail constitution she never fully recovered. Though shortly able to assist in attending to her domestic duties, she, ere long, began to decline, and so continued until, at length, after a few months, her failure became so rapid as to give her friends the most serious cause of alarm in regard to her; and, by the latter part of the following February, she had become so extremely feeble as to render it evident that she could survive but a few days. Under these circumstances, her parents, then absent

at Washington, (her father being in attendance upon his congressional duties there,) were sent for to return home, and look once more on their beloved child. They returned immediately, arriving on the Thursday preceding the day of her death. She appeared at that time more comfortable than she had before for several days, and her friends were led to indulge some faint hopes of her recovery. She remained in this condition, being in the full possession of her reason, and frequently speaking with her friends on various subjects, at all times manifesting the utmost calmness and resignation in view of her situation, and expressing the most unshaken confidence in God as her Father, and in Christ as her Saviour,

until the following Saturday night, when such an unfavorable change took place in her, that she was thought to be dying. Such of her friends as were in the house were immediately called, and soon stood by her bed-side. She was not then sensible that she was so fast failing, and on seeing her father and mother, and other members of the family around her, said to her father, "Am I dying?" To which he replied, "We fear you are, but hope not." She received the answer with perfect composure, grew weaker and weaker, and, on the following morning, Sunday, Feb. 23d, 1851, expired; her last words being: "This is death. May you all die happy."

Mrs. Pease's death created that deep sense of loss and bereavement, not only in the hearts of her relatives, but in the entire circle in which she moved, that showed how highly she was beloved and esteemed by all who were acquainted with her.

She loved her boy with an intensity of affection rarely surpassed, and felt the most anxious solicitude for his welfare. The last use she made of her pen was to write that beautiful effusion, a few weeks only before her death, called "Musings," which closes this work, and which is an expression of her feelings in regard to him. She resigned him, at her death, lovingly and trustfully, to the care and guid-

ance of his earthly, and to the watchful guardianship, and Almighty protection, of his heavenly, Father.

In person, Mrs. Pease was below the average height, and of pretty full habit. Her temperament was very active; the nervous predominating. Her head was large, and well formed; her forehead more ample than it appeared, being partly concealed by her hair, which grew somewhat low on it; though enough was uncovered to give symmetry to her features. She had light hair, blue eyes, and a dark complexion; and, though plain looking, or not beautiful, had, yet, that sweet,

ingenuous, and intelligent expression of countenance, which is always pleasing.

A character of such rare excellence can not live in this world without diffusing a holy, blessed, and heavenly influence; and though thus early called away by death, her amiable qualities, her Christian virtues, and her pious example, will be long appreciated, and their influence forever felt for good; and while her memory is embalmed in the warmest affections of her kindred and friends, her immortal spirit is, as we trust, in those bright and blissful regions, and in the enjoyment of those ineffable pleasures, which await the good, in Heaven.

JULY, 1853.

Miscellaneous Writings.

GENIUS.

Genius is the particular power or faculty which naturally leads to success in any one object, whatever that object may be. It is a faculty which develops itself in early life, and gives direction to the future character and conduct of the man. It is, indeed, astonishing, to observe the perfection to which a man, guided by native superiority of genius, can arrive in any particular science. He seems to be endowed by nature with a power of thinking more deeply and abstractly on that subject than any other. Day and night witness the intensity of his labor. Ere he is conscious of the rapid flight of time, the

morning twilight steals upon him, and still he is unwilling to quit his favorite pursuits. He has perhaps fixed upon some particular train of thought, which, if followed out, will lead to some new and glorious discovery—one which shall make his name and fame immortal. He forgets the weariness of labor, and remembers only the great object he has in view. How many examples of this we find in the history of the world. Look at the case of Homer. Uninstructed in the various arts and sciences which so materially assist us in our researches, and which are within the reach of all at the present day, he composed in verse a regular story, which has been admired and imitated by all succeeding ages. Even the learned critics of the present day admit it to be a standard work. To what but native genius can you refer the production of such a work? The grandeur and sublimity of his writings remain unrivaled until the present day. Every page bears the impress of genius, and that of the highest order. I would ask the unbeliever in natural superiority, how he would account

for the splendid productions of Homer's pen. Whence that wild and unstudied sublimity which is so striking a characteristic of all his writings? Whence was it that his sentences were all so original, so unlearned, yet so in accordance with the rules of propriety and harmony? It was that the fire of genius burned in his soul, and would not be confined. When he wrote, it was this native genius that prompted to all he said, and it was expressed clearly, and fully, because his own mind was deeply impressed with the nature of the subject. The idea in his mind was clear and distinct, and the corresponding language flowed freely and easily from his pen. But Homer is not a single instance of the remarkable effects of natural genius. Virgil has, perhaps, equal claim to this distinction. Though his style is entirely different, yet it bears no less the stamp of genius. But this is only another argument in favor of my supposition, for real genius prompts to one particular style of writing rather than another, and to excel in this style, whatever it may be, proves its existence in the soul. Virgil was more easy and

flowing, more like the peaceful river, that glides along gently in its banks, and delights us with its unruffled serenity. Homer has more of the impetuosity of the foaming torrent, which overflows its banks and rushes on with madness and fury. But the wild sublimity of his writings, bears no more, evidently, the stamp of native genius, than the more gentle and flowing numbers of Virgil. But the man of genius is not necessarily a *poet*. A man may have a genius for Mathematics, Astronomy, Natural History, Botany, or any of the Mechanical Arts. Look at the perfection to which Euclid arrived in mathematical calculations: it was his constant passion. Native genius led his thoughts in this particular channel: eminent success crowned his researches; and his name is now enrolled on the pages of fame. Astronomy, too, has many votaries, and those who seem to have been dedicated by nature to this particular object. Look at the wonderful attainments of Galileo, and many others who have devoted their lives to the study of this great and glorious science. The wonderful perfection to which it has

now arrived, proves clearly the immense amount of labor and study which has been bestowed upon it. But these wonderful effects are the result of native genius. Even in childhood these men displayed their natural talent, and in after life proved the reality of its existence. The great naturalist, Cuvier, early discovered a remarkable talent, or aptitude, for this particular object. He carried this passion with him through life, and as a result of his genius many of the secrets of natural history were revealed. As the result of Botanical research, we have the discoveries of the celebrated Linnaeus, who knew the secret of every herb and flower. He followed the course which nature had marked out for him, and he mastered his subjects. We see around us every day the result of native mechanical genius. It develops itself in very early life. How often we find a boy who seems to be a natural mechanic. We see it in all his actions. He has, evidently, a natural genius for it. Do you say that all this is merely the result of early and persevering study? Do you say that they determined to become masters of these particu-

lar sciences, and that this is the great secret of their success? Truly, constant study may have done much to assist them in the accomplishment of their object, for we allow that genius may be greatly assisted by the use of these. We even admit that this may be the grand secret of their success; for without cultivation the brightest talents may be buried in the darkness of oblivion. They are like the diamond in the mine — whose brilliancy is unknown because it has never been brought to light. But its existence is no less certain because it remains undiscovered. So natural genius may exist in the soul, though that soul be chained by debasing ignorance to the low and groveling objects of earth. Thus we see that the exercise of genius depends in a great degree upon culture and education; but these can never supply its utter deficiency in the mind. Educated persons, without any particular genius, acquire a general knowledge of a great variety of objects. They may be well informed, and valuable members of society, but they have no peculiar talent which leads to excellence in any particular object. The

man of genius brings all his powers and faculties to bear upon one great object. Every thing else is sacrificed in order to excel in this. In many instances we acknowledge that a great genius for any particular object is not desirable. But we are speaking now only of its actual existence, not of its desirableness. Do you say that a man is not indebted to genius, but to long and constant labor, for his eminence in some particular science? But what gave that particular direction to his mind? How came he to fix upon that particular object to the exclusion of all others? Why that passionate fondness for it which he has possessed from a child? Why would he, even in his boyhood, steal away from all the gayeties and pleasures of life, and spend solitary hours in the contemplation of his favorite theme? Surely it was native superiority of genius which was, even then, developing itself. Is it possible to account for these actual facts on any other supposition? Deny the existence of this natural superiority, and you bring mankind on a level with each other, and this supposition, daily experience proves to be false.

It is true that in modern times we have fewer instances of that wild sublimity which characterized the writings of the ancients; but the progress of civilization has impeded its exercise. They wrote from the impulse of genius alone. They gave full scope to their imaginations, and expressed themselves in the warm, glowing language which seemed to flow spontaneously from their hearts. The rules of order and regularity were unknown to them. Their language, too, was characterized by greater strength and simplicity than at present. *This*, in later days, has been sacrificed for perspicuity and ease. To arrive at the present standard of excellence in any particular science, requires persevering study and attention. The brightest genius requires cultivation, in order to be properly exercised, because the means of knowledge are now within the reach of all. This constitutes in a great degree the difference between ancient and modern authors, who bear equally the marks of superior genius. The former wrote from the impulse of native genius alone; the latter are confined to the use of regular and established rules.

Geniuses of the latter order are placed in the second class, not because they are inferior in their nature, but because they are so entirely different. The nature of mind is the same now that it was in the days of Homer and Virgil; but the rules, customs, and manners of society have undergone an entire change. Public opinion stamps merit or demerit on the works of an author; and this, too, since the early ages has undergone a complete change. Still we can appreciate the value of those works of genius which have been handed down to us since the early ages of the world. We know that there is a characteristic wildness and sublimity about them which is unequaled by any of the writers of the present age. We may surpass them in order and regularity, but in order to do this we have sacrificed, in a great degree, their strength and expressiveness. Thus we see that every age has produced men of superior native talents; and though in many instances these talents have been abused, and devoted to unworthy objects, yet their existence is no less certain. We know not why the great Disposer of all events has so ordered

it, but this we do know, that nothing is created without some great design; and it is our duty so to improve our several talents, that they may redound to the glory of their great Creator.

THE MIND.

ALL earthly objects are subject to decay. The seasons, in their bright round, quickly come and go. The flowering spring dawns upon us in all its loveliness, converting earth into a paradise of beauty, so fair, that even angels might linger for a while round the shores of mortality, well pleased with their stay. And forgetting that beauty is but a transient visitor, we almost fancy that this bright scene will last forever. But soon a change comes over the face of nature, and summer, autumn and winter follow in rapid succession. Change is stamped on all material things. Not so with the mind. The decay which wastes away the body and changes it to its kindred dust, can never reach the immortal principle within. True, disease and trial may for a time impair its

strength, and we may fall victims to the dread delusions of insanity; but still it lives on, for it can not die. The mind is the image of its great Creator, and, like him, it resists every effort to demolish it. Its throne is immutable, and when once freed from its connection with the body it will continue to expand and increase in knowledge, until it has traversed the regions of infinite space, and acquired all that perfection of which it is possible for a finite mind to conceive. Even here we find that every new idea we receive presents to us a new range of thought, and every advancing step in the path of science opens to our view new glories, and enlarges our conceptions of Him who is the Father and Author of all. We have a wide field before us. We have an immortal mind to cultivate, and it is worthy of the exercise of our noblest powers. We know not the extent of our faculties until they are called into exercise. Ignorance chains us down to earth, and we know not that we are capable of more exalted pleasures until knowledge expands the mind, and fits us to soar aloft, and grasp those abstruse and

perplexing subjects which were before entirely beyond our comprehension. We then begin to feel that *we* too belong to the race of intelligent beings. We find ourselves daily in the possession of powers and faculties which were before buried in the darkness of oblivion, and were to us as if they did not exist. Having once tasted of the delicious draught, we long to drink deep at the fountain of science, and know all that *man*, in his present limited state, may know. We may measure the number and distance of the stars; we may know their rise and relative motions; but *here* the ingenuity of man must stop. He can not go to those distant worlds and see what race of beings God, in his infinite wisdom, has placed there. He must search in vain among all his stores of knowledge, for any thing which will enable him satisfactorily to answer this question.

But follow, with the eye of fancy, this immortal mind, after it has left its clay tabernacle, and see if it does not then fly to that distant world, and perhaps mingle with the pure spirits that inhabit it;—for sin may have no dominion there. Where are the spirits

of our friends who have left this world? May they not be looking upon us from some bright orb upon which we delight to gaze. Wherever they may be, we know that if they were prepared for the change, their immortal minds are now beyond the reach of pain and suffering, and are warbling hymns of glory in their native skies.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE AUTUMN OF 1838.

WHERE are the flowers, so rich and rare,
That lately bloomed from every bower;
That lent their fragrance to the air,
And cheered away the passing hour?

Where is the soft and gentle breeze
That tempted to some cool retreat?
Where is the foliage of the trees?
The mountain rose so wild and sweet?

All, all have passed: the brightest flower
Has bloomed but once, then passed away;
The breeze has fanned us for an hour,
Then quickly fled—it must not stay.

Yes, all have passed;—too bright the scene,
Uncheckered by the clouds of woe:

To earth how fondly we should cling
Did every stream unruffled flow.

Yes, change is stamped on all below,
The brightest hopes are quickest fled;
All nature says it must be so—
We live, we love, then join the dead.

But oh! we die to live again
In regions brighter far than this;
To rise above this world of pain,
And find a home of endless bliss.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE

Death of Emily Maria Perkins.

Sweet faded flower, we would not ask thy stay,
To droop and wither in a world like this,
When purer spirits beckon thee away
To share with them a home of perfect bliss.

And thou dost utter now a song of love
With kindred spirits in thy native skies;
There is a happier home in realms above—
The Christian's promised home—his richest prize!

Fair flower, transplanted to a genial clime!
We would not win thee back to earth again;
For oh! 'tis meet that spirits pure as thine
Should be beyond the reach of pain.

Yet nature weeps—Oh yes. The spirit flown
Demands a tear—and shall it not be given?
We mourn a cherished friend and sister gone—
An angel spirit summoned back to Heaven.

Parents! 'tis hard to yield your only one —
Your dearest treasure, to an early grave!
But oh! your Father gave his only son —
His best beloved—a guilty world to save.

Then yield your treasure back to Him who gave,
Nor murmur that He calls her home so soon,
But look with faith beyond that early grave,
And view your daughter in her heavenly home!

ON THE DEATH OF SARAH JANE MORRISS.

Go rear the fairest garden flower that ever claimed
your care,
Protect it from the scorching sun, and from the chil-
ing air,
Let every stranger stop to gaze, with an admiring
eye,
And call it beautiful—that flower will be the first to
die.

Oh never hope to rear a flower, and call it all your
own,
Whilst all around these garden walks, such beauteous
leaves are strown:
They bloom to flourish for a while, perchance a sum-
mer's day;
Then some rude blast comes sweeping by, and bears
them all away.

But will these flowers revive again? oh yes; returning spring
Will to these withered, faded leaves, new life and beauty bring:
The summer breeze will give to each, new freshness and perfume,
And nature will be clad in flowers, in full perennial bloom.

Then weep not — weep not o'er the grave of her you held so dear;
The faded flower will bloom again, it can not wither there:
Beyond the confines of the tomb, beyond the rolling skies,
She blooms in richer beauty there, a flower of paradise.

You would not win her spirit back to such a world as this;
You would not ask her for *your love*, to leave her home of bliss:

Oh no; you shudder at the thought — the flower so
kindly given,
Transplanted to a genial clime, will bloom *for thee*
in Heaven.

Yes, in that bright and beauteous land, where sorrow
can not come,
Where all is one eternal spring, and flowers forever
bloom;
And she will shine in that blest land, the brightest
and the best,
Earth's loveliest daughter summoned back to her
eternal rest.

LINES

WRITTEN TO A COUSIN AT PARTING.

EUNICE, how short the time appears
  Since we have walked these streets together;
Since *one* were all our hopes and fears —
  How quickly fled, and fled forever!

I've felt no joy apart from thee,
  Thy tender smile each care has banished;
Each sorrow thou hast shared with me
  For three short months, and they are vanished.

Yet sister dear, this faithful heart,
  Though far away, can ne'er forget you;
And though we 're called too soon to part,
  Fondly and long will I regret you.

And when in your beloved home,
With those you love once more united,
Then let your fancy sometimes roam
To me, so lonely and benighted.

And, dearest, at the hour of prayer,
When filled with deep and pure devotion,
Think of your absent Laura there,
Who shares with thee each fond emotion.

Now fare thee well my sister dear,
Our time has fled, and we must sever,
And this my lonely heart shall cheer —
We only part to meet forever.

TO A BELOVED COUSIN AT PARTING.

Go, Eunice — go; a mother's love
In winning accents bids thee come;
Go like a fond and wearied dove,
And in her bosom find a home.

Go, for her heart is desolate,
And lone her home uncheered by thee;
And can *I* bid thee longer wait?
No, dearest — stay no more for me.

Thy father's heart is lonely too,
When his dear child is far away;
All — all are waiting there for thee,
Then Eunice go without delay.

Go, sister, to your childhood's home,
Kneel at the sacred altar there;

And oh! may guardian angels come,
To waft to heaven your fervent prayer.

And there my sister, think of me
While kneeling at the holy shrine;
And there my heart shall ever be
In holy unison with thine.

Then, though we part in sorrow here,
Bright hopes may in our bosoms rise;
Our hearts are one, my sister dear—
Our home is one beyond the skies.

Then fare thee well—I bid thee go
Where friends and kindred claim your love;
And though we meet no more below,
We 'll meet in heaven, our home above.

TO A COUSIN ON HER MARRIAGE.

How brightly beams the star of love,
So peaceful and serene,
Shedding its radiance from above
Upon the bridal scene.

And, Mary, at that solemn hour
You left your parents' side;
For Philo loved so fond a flower,
And claimed you for his bride.

And fondly may he cherish thee,
The chosen of his heart,
And ever happy may you be,
Till heaven shall bid you part.

And ever may your husband's love,
Your choicest treasure be:

Be faithful, Mary, as the dove,
And he shall cling to thee.

Together on the bended knee
Oft may you kneel in prayer;
Then heaven shall fondly smile on thee,
And soon receive you there.

There, where all tears are wiped away
And sorrows never come,
Oh may you meet some happy day,
And call that heaven your home.

MUSINGS.

Oh! there are times when sadness
Will steal upon the heart,
And leave no trace of gladness,
No genial ray impart.

And there are hours of sorrow,
Whose cause we can not tell;
We see no bright to-morrow
These gloomy fears to quell.

And there are times of weeping,
And still we feel no pain;
A sadness o'er us creeping,
Which flows in every vein.

There is a spring of feeling
Flows deep in every breast;

Some secret fount revealing,
Too oft with grief oppressed.

Some fairy vision blighted,
Just in its earliest bloom;
Some fond affection blighted,
Or loved one in the tomb.

Then raise your eye to heaven,
And lift your heart in prayer;
With all your sins forgiven
You may be happy there.

SATURDAY EVENING.

SWEET, peaceful eve, I love thy rest,
Thy calm and hallowed hours I love;
Sweet to the heart with care oppressed,
The heart that pants for joys above.

All Nature wears her sweetest smile
To usher in the heavenly eve,
And distant orbs appear awhile,
Their share of homage to receive.

Yes — 'tis a solemn, sacred hour,
But oh! how swift its moments fly,
More fleeting than the summer flower,
Which blooms in one short hour to die.

What sacred thoughts inspire the breast,
What sweet remembrances arise

To make the transient season blest,
And better fit us for the skies.

Now the Redeemer sleeps in death —
His faithful followers mourn their King,
Forgetting that the Saviour saith,
"I die, but soon will rise again."

How true his words. At early morn
A female follower sought his tomb,
And there she met a shining form
Which seemed from some bright sphere to come.

Her Lord was gone; his mortal clay
Had risen from its dark abode:
No guard could now impede his way:
He died a man — he rose a God.

He triumphed over earth and hell;
He conquered all his proudest foes:
Proudly they watched him as he fell;
They watched his tomb — yet he arose.

Now his stupendous work is o'er;
The world is ransomed by his blood;
He parts with all he loved before,
And goes in triumph to his God.

MY EARLY HOME.

'T is sweet to muse at twilight's pensive hour,
On the loved vision of a distant home;
To yield the heart to memory's magic power,
And 'mid the scenes of early childhood roam.

Sweet is the memory of that cherished spot,
And every scene to childhood's heart so dear;
Where blossoms still, the sweet "Forget me not;"
Where flows the gentle stream, so bright and clear;

Where warbling birds their sweetest carols sing,
To woo me from the cares of life away;
Where notes of joy through all the forests ring,
And dancing sunbeams o'er the waters play.

Oh there! beneath the clustering elm tree's shade,
Where summer breezes ever love to play,

Full often have my youthful footsteps strayed,
With visions bright, to charm the hours away.

My early home! oh, 't is a cherished spot,
And dearer far than all beside, to me:
The loved, the beautiful — are they forgot?
Nay, mother, sister, still we think of thee.

Your place is vacant by the fireside there;
Your voice is silent in the song of glee;
And oh! we miss you at the hour of prayer:
Where'er we go, we think, still, still of thee.

Though ye are gone, we love you none the less;
For memory faithful to her trust will be:
It minds us of a mother's last caress —
Her dying prayer: "My child, remember me!"

Yes, mother — yes; we will remember thee,
Till the last pulse of life shall cease to beat;
And on the shores of immortality,
In bright elysian fields, oh may we meet!

Yes; and to part no more in that blest land,
Where sickness, pain and death shall never come;
There may we form a little social band,
And once again together be at home.

TO MARY ANN CHURCHILL.

When the tempests gather round us,
Shrouding earth and sky with gloom;
When the darkest foes surround us,
On the borders of the tomb;

Then the Christian's faith is brightest,
Arming him with matchless power;
Then the Christian's burden lightest—
Christ can cheer the darkest hour.

When temptations gather thickly,
All our firm resolves to move,
Jesus can relieve us quickly—
He can soothe us with his love.

He can calm the raging billows;
He can bid our foes retire;

He can smooth our dying pillows;
Unto Him our souls aspire.

Jesus is the Christian's treasure,
Though he bids temptations come;
Every duty is a pleasure—
All allure to heaven, our home.

Then, *dear sister*, trust forever
In a fond Redeemer's love,
Till we meet no more to sever,
In our glorious home above.

TO JANE,

ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

I KNOW tis very hard, dear girl, to see a *parent* die,
To see the form we love so well all cold and silent lie:
I *know*, for I have *felt* the pang, have shed the bitter tear,
And felt that all my treasured hopes were gathered to the bier.

But when that *mother's* cherished form to the cold grave was given,
I knew that *all I loved of her* was far away in heaven:
Her angel spirit hovered free beyond the reach of pain,
Yet seemed to whisper in my ear—we part to meet again.

And oft when gentle tones of love come stealing on
my ear,
I start at that familiar voice, and feel that she is near;
I raise my eye to meet her smile, and find the vision
flown,
And bitterly I weep, to find that I am all alone.

And when I see the unbidden tear, that trembles in
your eye,
My heart responds to every pang, and answers every
sigh;
One link is broken in the chain which binds your
spirit here;
But raise your eye to heaven, dear girl, your Fa-
ther's home is there.

Perchance, a guardian angel now, he hovers over
thee,
For oh! in that far-distant land, the spirits' wings are
free;

And gladly would he speed his way from that fair
land of bliss,
To guard the loved and cherished ones he left behind
in this.

Oh then, dear Jane, dry all your tears, and raise your
eye to heaven,
For you may meet your father there, with all your
sins forgiven,
And tune your lyre to songs of praise, with ransomed
souls above,
And spend *a long eternity*, where *all is perfect love.*

TO MARY HOTCHKISS.

DEAR Mary, I must leave thee now, and seek my
distant home,
For oh! in tones of melody, a father bids me come;
A brother calls his sister back, his youthful sports to
share,
And all my young associates are waiting for me
there.

The ties of early love are strong, and nature holds
her sway,
Yet, dearly as I love those scenes, how gladly would
I stay
To share a little longer yet, the joys of life with
thee—
To cheer you in your hours of grief, and join you in
your glee.

But, Mary, I must leave thee now, I can not linger here,
Though many friends are clustering round, so very, very dear;
My duty calls me quickly to my distant home away,
Then, sister, *fare thee well*, for oh! I can not longer stay.

Yet dearly have I loved thee, and memory still will be
Full faithful to her sacred trust, and waft me back to thee;
Affection weaves a silken cord, which distance can not break—
Then bind it to your heart, dear girl, and wear it for my sake.

And oh! when years, long years have fled, and I perchance may be
An inmate of the dark, dark tomb, still, Mary, think of me;

And when the last dread hour shall come, to waft
your soul away,
Then may we meet to part no more, in realms of
endless day.

TO MRS. DR. WOODRUFF,

ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

Mourner, view that setting sun,
Slowly sinking in the west;
See, its daily course is run,
And wearied nature sinks to rest.

But as our night comes stealing on,
Day dawns upon some distant shore;
And nations hail a rising sun,
While we its transient loss deplore.

And when the fleeting hours of night
In sweet repose have passed away,
Again he bursts upon our sight,
The welcome messenger of day.

Just like that fair declining sun,
One sainted spirit passed away;
His day was passed; his work was done;
And angels summoned him away.

But while the night is dark and drear
To mourners weeping o'er his grave,
In glorious robes shall he appear
Before the Lamb, who died to save.

And ne'er again shall setting sun
Remind him of the close of day,
While future years their circles run,
And earth and heaven shall pass away.

But in that fairer clime above,
Where pain and sorrow can not come,
There may you meet again in love,
And be forever more at home.

Together may you sing *His* praise
Who died that you might be forgiven,
And glad hosannas ever raise,
To Him who rules and reigns in heaven.

317166B

TO MRS. DR. WOODRUFF.

Oh! if there is on earth
A shadow of the bliss of paradise; if one spark
Of heavenly fire has escaped the withering blight
Of all things pure, sure that spark was kindled
On the altar of *domestic love*, and burned
With mild and steady radiance.

I knew a family,
Where all the social virtues seemed to blend
In most delightful unison. Every germ of feeling
Tender, *holy*, *good*, seemed to expand,
As if by magic, into the full-blown flower,
Shedding its fragrance all around, and blessing all
Who felt its happy influence.

And here was *wedded love*
In all its native purity. The doating husband

Full well redeems his early pledge of *love*,
Of faith, and long devotion; and as the years roll by
Clings but more fondly to the gentle being by his side—
His *richest, dearest* treasure.

And she, the fond, confiding,
Ever faithful wife, remembers all her early love,
And clings with even firmer grasp
To him she calls her husband. Each little one
She teaches soon to lisp the name of *father;*
And as the sound is echoed back within her heart,
She breathes a *mother's* blessing.

And as the opening flower
Expands more fully to the view, each parent sees
The miniature resemblance of the other. The *eye*,
The *voice*, the *smile*, are like its *father*
Or its *mother*, and still more precious
For this slight resemblance.

But these young minds
Were early taught that higher duties were devolving on them,
Than the mere exercise of infant trust and love.
They were taught that one on high claimed their first thoughts—
Their *dearest*, best *affections*. They early learned to pray,
And with their parents, morn and eve, they kneeled
Around the sacred altar.

But who, ah! who can tell
How soon their fondest hopes may all be crushed;
Their fondest, fairest visions blighted. 'Tis the bitter fate
Of *earthly hopes* and *loves*. Mark the spoiler there,
And see with what an iron grasp he lays the husband low.
He struggles for a while, for her sake
Who clings so fondly to him, and for their little ones—

Yet all in vain. And then, with Christian resignation,
Yields to his doom.

And here the scene must close;
For oh! what pencil can portray the bitter grief;
What tongue can tell the anguish of that *widowed* heart
While weeping o'er the grave of all she loves?
We give her and her orphan ones our deepest sympathy,
And leave them with their God.

MRS. WOODRUFF:

Will you please accept these few simple lines, as a slight token of the *sympathy* and *affectionate remembrance* of one who has ever *esteemed* and *loved* you as a *neighbor* and *friend*. They were written a long time ago, but I felt that they were too imperfect to think of giving them. I have since concluded to

give them, all imperfect *as they are*, merely as a token of *respect* and *affection*. Will you not, my dear Mrs. Woodruff, receive them as such.

From your sincere friend,

LAURA.

TO MRS. DR. WOODRUFF,

ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HER HUSBAND'S DEATH.

ONE little year has passed
Since thou wert written *widow*. Hope's sweet star,
Which long had shone so brightly on thy path,
And stamped its own glad impress on thy face,
Then sunk in deepest night. Shadows, deep and dark,
Were gathering thick around thee, and every breeze
That fanned thy brow seemed laden with a tide of woe.

This was his burial day;
This day, a year since, 'mid a crowd of weeping friends,
They laid him sleeping in his narrow grave,

And left him there alone in his deep solitude.
And oh! till Gabriel's trump shall sound, to wake
A slumbering world, may angels guard that sacred spot,
Where his loved form lies buried.

Thine was a bitter fate,
While *his* was bright and glorious;—so early summoned
From a world of care and pain to that "*sweet home*,"
Where sorrow ne'er can come. Back to his native shore
His Maker called him. Swiftly and sure
The arrow sped, and pierced his heart, and all was still.

He who has watched
So often by the bedside of the sick and dying,
Himself is called to die. Sustained by that strong arm
To which he pointed others for relief, he died in peace.

When Reason held her sway, his trust was strong in God;
And *death* to *him* was but the entrance gate
To brighter scenes beyond.

Such thoughts as these
I know full well are in thy heart *to-day*,
And trembling on thy lips; else would I never
Probe a wound which time has well nigh healed.
Did I not know that o'er a scene like this
Time could not cast his shadows, I would not give to thee
This sad memento of his early fate. Yet weep not;
Hope thou sweetly on; and when thy short career is o'er,
Prepare to be an *angel's bride* in heaven.

TO JANE WOODRUFF.

FAIR girl, how much of hope and love
  Have stamped their impress on thy brow,
And oh! may all their visions prove
  As lovely as thou dreamest now:
May all of earthly bliss be thine,
  To this brief scene of trial given,
And brightly on thy pathway shine,
  The star which guides thee safe to heaven.

Around the fireside of your home,
  May Peace delight to fold her wing,
Nor let the seeds of discord come,
  Their train of misery to bring:
Be *love* your motto; let it be
  Your constant aim to cheer and bless;
A *tear* for human misery
  Can never make your pleasure less.

Oh be thy pathway strewed with flowers,
As fair as ever Eden knew,
Refreshed by gentle vernal showers,
Or by the sparkling drops of dew:
And as the fleeting years pass by,
Oh may they leave upon thy brow
No trace of care and misery,
But such as mark thy features now.

But should the storms of sorrow lower,
And every earthly tie be riven,
Look upward in that trying hour,
And place your dearest hope in heaven:
And when life's changing scene is done,
And angels summon you away,
Oh may they waft you to your home,
Where all is one eternal day.

TO MY SISTER.

My sister, years, long years have fled,
Since to the altar you were led;
And a noble youth was by your side,
Who came to claim you as his bride.

He led you to the altar there,
And promised his protecting care;
To shield you in the storm of life,
And love you as his chosen wife.

And when the vows of love were spoken,
Those vows which never must be broken,
We knew the parting hour had come,
That yours must be your husband's home.

With tearful eyes we bid you go,
For then we knew it must be so;
Your chosen one was by your side,
And fondly claimed you as his bride.

I gazed upon your husband's brow,
And proudly called him *brother* now;
For I felt that he was *that* to me,
If he was so much more to thee.

And, sister, after years have proved
How faithful was the one you loved,
And *ever*, *ever*, may he be,
A husband and a friend to thee.

TO A DEAR SISTER AT PARTING.

I NEED not tell how strong the tie,
That binds thee to a sister's heart;
You will not ask a tear or sigh,
To tell how hard it is to part.

Yes, duty calls — I bid you go
In gladness to your distant home;
With other friends be happy now,
But think of me where'er you roam.

Let Fancy sometimes wing her way
Where many a heart will beat for thee,
And ever at the close of day,
In prayer, dear sister, think of me.

Now fare thee well, the hour has come,
The parting kiss must soon be given,
And oh! may angels guide thee home,
And fit you for the port of heaven.

TO MY SISTER HARRIET,

ON LEAVING FOR A HOME AT THE WEST.

In other lands the flowers are fair
  As e'er New England knew,
And tempting viands, rich and rare,
  Will there be spread for you:
But in that distant stranger home,
  Whate'er of bliss you find,
Let busy fancy sometimes roam
  To the home you have left behind;

To the friends that love you better, far,
  Than ever tongue can tell;
Whose trembling lips can scarcely bear
  To speak the last farewell:
And when a stranger's heart shall twine
  Its tendrils round your own,

Oh! then let memory waft you back
To your own New England home.

To the fireside of your early days,
Let memory fondly stray,
To the altar where a father prays
For loved ones far away;
And often will the tearful eye
Be raised to heaven for thee,
That some bright angel from the sky
May guard thy destiny.

May all of earthly bliss be thine,
To mortals ever given,
And bright the star of promise shine,
Which shall guide thee safe to heaven:
And when life's changing scene is o'er,
Together may we dwell,
Where parting scenes are known more —
Sweet sister, fare thee well.

TO A STEP-MOTHER.

MOTHER — dear mother, when I hear your voice
In tones of love come stealing on my ear,
Oh! how it bids my bounding heart rejoice,
And stamps the seal of love on all things here.

Welcome, dear mother, to your husband's home,
For faithful hearts are clustering round you here,
And all his children gladly bid you come,
Their every earthly joy and grief to share.

A cordial welcome from a daughter's heart,
My mother, I can gladly give to thee;
And till the hand of death shall bid us part,
Oh! may our hearts and hands united be.

And, mother, when our short career is o'er,
  And life, and every earthly tie is riven,
Then, may we meet again to part no more,
  And strike our lyres with all we love in heaven.

TO A STEP-MOTHER.

I KNOW, my mother, that you love to dwell
On the fair vision of departed years,
And listen to the varied tale they tell
Of mingled joys and sorrows, hopes and fears.

I know that Memory, faithful to her trust,
Oft minds you of the scenes your childhood knew,
And of the sad, yet joyful hour, when first
A youthful bride, you bade your home adieu.

Oh! then how brightly beamed the sparkling eye,
And on your lips how sweetly played the smile;
Your star of promise brightly gemmed the sky;
Your husband's love could every fear beguile.

And there those little pledges of your love,
To crown your earthly bliss were kindly given,
To mind you of your better friend above,
Who bade you train those youthful minds for Heaven.

How lovely is the scene; how sweet the band
So fondly clustering round the fireside there;
Parents and children joined in heart and hand,
Each kindly taught the others' grief to share.

But mark the change—the husband's cherished form,
Too soon to a far distant grave is given:
The brightest star in all your sky is gone,
Yet shines more brightly in the courts of heaven.

And years roll swiftly on, and one by one
The links were broken in affection's chain—
The daughter first, and then the cherished son,
Till none were left to soothe your bitter pain.

Oh! then the Christian's God was all your trust;
Your dearest earthly hopes were treasured there;
Though He had laid your idols in the dust,
Yet in your keen distress He heard your prayer.

The bow of promise once again appears,
To gild the transient darkness of your sky:
New friends are clustering round to dry your tears,
And *hope* and *love* are kindling in your eye.

And, with a chosen husband's tender love,
Another son and daughter have been given:
One tie to bind you here, and one above,
A family on earth and one in heaven.

WRITTEN FOR A FAIR.

A LETTER — a letter; but what shall it be?
A flight to the mountains, or trip to the sea?
For lad or for lassie, for grandsire or dame,
My object in writing would still be the same.

I am writing to sell, and if I knew who would buy it,
Perhaps I might suit him — at least I could try it:
There are husbands and lovers, and bachelors too,
A plenty to write for if one only knew who.

Oh I am tired of love, it's been barded so long,
And I wish I could find some new theme for my song;
But with novelty, if I dared even study to please you,
My wits are so dull I should certainly tease you.

But if all this should fail, one thing I can do,
I can ask for your aid, and most cordially too:
Just give us your money, and we will take çare
That you shall not regret that you came to our fair.

THE SWEETS OF LIFE.

Life is not all a dreary waste,
A season of despair;
Each desert has its watering place,
And fragrant flowers, and fair.

Oft do we find an April day
Cold winter's welcome guest;
The warm sun sheds a genial ray,
And every heart is blest.

So life, at times so sad and drear,
Has many a mingled sweet:
Affection spreads a dainty cheer,
To tempt our willing feet.

Well pleased, we tread the fairy ground
To taste the sweets of love,

Though many, *many* hearts have found
How false these visions prove.

Yes, human love, how false, how fair,
Sweet as the dews of even;
Perverted, 't is a dangerous snare—
Improved, the bliss of heaven.

Love makes a little heaven below,
When sanctioned from above:
Go, search the bowers of paradise,
The fairest flower is love!

What is ambition but a name,
Or money but a snare;
They promise bliss but all in vain,
If love be absent there.

Go, and life's sweetest pleasures taste,
And then this lesson prove—
Earth *is not* all a desert waste,
But *would be* without *love*.

TO CYNTHIA, ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Oh! how lovely she looks in her innocent pride,
As she stands by the altar a joyous young bride;
Hope smiles on her brow, and love brightens her eye,
As visions of beauty float airily by;
And bright as thy dreams, may reality prove,
Unshaken thy trust, and unchanging thy love.

Methinks I can see you in bridal array,
As you turn from the home of your childhood away;
Ah! linger a moment — no more will it be
A home, like in days that are passed, unto thee;
New ties will now bind thee, and scenes yet untried,
Must gladden, or sadden thy future, fair bride.

Parents, brothers and sisters all cling to you still,
No change can come o'er you their affection to chill,
And proudly and fondly they gaze on you now,
As sweetly the bridal wreath circles your brow:
Full well have they loved you in days that are past,
And no cloud in the future their love shall o'ercast.

But dearer than all, is the youth by your side,
Whose hopes are all centered in thee, lovely bride;
Love brightens his eye, and smiles on his brow,
As he wins from her home his own chosen one now;
In the pride of his manhood he bears her away,
The flower of the morning — the queen of the day.

There's a look of devotion stamped on her fair brow
As she stands by the altar — a wedded one now:
Oh! kneel by that altar, and fervently pray
That the sunlight of love may still gladden your way;

And may many bright scenes in the future yet prove,
That the blessing of heaven has sanctioned your love.

And when the tie that now binds you, by death shall be riven,
May you part but to meet on the bright shores of heaven—
Your glorified spirits in triumph arise,
To meet your Redeemer away in the skies;
May you hear the glad plaudit, Your work is well done,
Your mansion is ready, *together come home.*

WHY SHOULD THE CHRISTIAN WEEP?

Ah! why the glistening tear,
That trembles in thine eye?
What cause hast thou for fear?
Sad Christian, tell me why:
Is Christ less precious? heaven less dear?
Say, Christian, why that glistening tear?

Do earthly foes assail,
To tempt thy doubting heart?
His presence can not fail,
Nor will his aid depart:
Then tell me why that tearful eye?
Weeping Christian, tell me why?

Not for myself I weep,
Oh no, that can not be,

For Jesus' love will keep
My heart from sorrow free:
'T is for a world so full of sin
A Savior can not enter in.

'T is for some wayward one,
Whose heart I can not move,
Perchance an only son,
The brother of my love:
Oh! ever thus my tears shall flow,
Till he shall weep for Zion too.

'T is for some cherished friend,
The faithful and the true,
On whom my hopes depend—
Yes, dear one, 't is for you;
And oh, while life and breath are given,
I'll pray that we may meet in heaven.

'T is for the young and gay,
Amid their wild career,
Who speed them on their way,
Nor pause to shed a tear:

For such must Christians weep and pray,
That heaven their downward course would stay.

'T is for our sinful race,
For whom a Savior died,
Who shun his heavenly grace,
And pierce his bleeding side:
Oh! I will weep and wrestle too,
While there is such a work to do.

Lord, listen to my prayer,
Nor let my tears be vain,
Give me thy guardian care,
And in my bosom reign;
And when life's brief career is done,
Oh may I reign with thee at home.

WRITTEN AFTER ATTENDING

THE FUNERAL OF JOHN A. CHASE.

SHE stands alone amid the crowd,
That sorrow-stricken wife,
And sobs of bitter anguish prove
How deep her inward strife:
She stands alone — not one can share,
The sorrows of her heart;
In the bitter burden she must bear
No stranger takes a part.

Beside her in his coffin-bed,
A manly form laid low —
Now the last farewell tear is shed,
And she learns a widow's woe:
The grave receives its sacred trust,
To her stricken heart so dear,

And the solemn message, "dust to dust,"
Falls sadly on her ear.

The widow and the fatherless
Together weeping stand;
A father's love no more shall bless
That little mourning band:
Oh! who shall wipe away the tear
That dims the orphan's eye?
Or who the widow's heart can cheer
When no human help is nigh?

'T is He, who, from His throne above,
Beholds each bitter tear,
Has promised with a better love
The breaking heart to cheer:
And He will be the widow's God
When human help shall fail;
He smites but with a Father's rod,
Which only wounds to heal.

SABBATH EVENING MUSINGS.

Oh! ever sweet is twilight's pensive hour,
When, with the sun, all nature sinks to rest;
The weary spirit feels its soothing power,
And every passion slumbers in the breast.

But sweeter far the holy Sabbath eve,
When scarce a murmur stirs the silent air,
When angels' spirits seem to come and breathe
Their tones of love into the listening ear.

Soft music seems to float upon the air,
Coming from some angelic choir above,
Bidding us strike with trembling hand the lyre,
And tune our harps to sing redeeming love.

Oh yes; our raptured spirits catch the strain,
And back to heaven the chorus shall ascend,
Till ours shall be a paradise again,
And earth and heaven in concert sweetly blend.

Come, unbeliever, in an hour like this,
And bathe thy spirit in its soothing light,
And tell me if earth's sweetest, purest bliss,
Can yield thee such a flow of rapt delight.

Oh no! for earth's delusions pass away,
And every earthly tie by death is riven;
Then yield thy spirit to this gentle sway,
And strike thy lyre with the redeemed in heaven.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT: FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD."—*Mark* x. 14.

JESUS, ever meek and mild,
Loves to bless a little child;
While on earth He had a home,
To His arms He bid them come,
And from His throne in heaven above,
Still He watches them with love;
Then who can weep to see them given
So early to His arms, in heaven.

Oh how delightful 't is to see,
The child first learn to bend the knee,
And sweetly on the Savior's ear,
Shall fall the infant's lisping prayer:
The first "Our Father," lingers long
Upon the untaught, stammering tongue,

But Jesus, from his throne above,
Will listen to that prayer of love.

When youth and innocence combine,
A wreath of purest love they twine,
Before deceit has found a part,
And poison rankles at the heart;
Before the lurking passions move,
And early dreams but phantoms prove:
Mother, if prayer has been your stay,
Oh! teach your little child to pray.

If in life's pleasures he shall share,
Full many a sorrow he must bear;
The morning sun that rises bright,
May set in darkest clouds at night;
The flower that opens to the sun
May wither, ere its course is run:
Full many a tie by death is riven —
Then teach your child the way to heaven.

The Savior's message is to thee,
"Come, bring your little ones to Me,

As while on earth I bid them come,
So now from this, My heavenly throne;
Unseen I watch them night and day,
And ever listen when they pray;"
Yes, mother, unto you 't is given,
To rear these little ones for heaven.

And if, while in their morning bright,
Some withering blast your hopes should blight,
If death should call your child away,
Oh! this would be your spirit's stay,
That He who blessed young children here,
Would take them to his bosom there,
And in that brighter world above,
Would guard them with the tenderest love.

THE HOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Oh! whence come the beautiful objects of earth,
Its smiles and its sunbeams, its music and mirth,
Its gems and its flowers all scattered around —
Oh! where is the home of the beautiful found.

Sure, earth has no spot from pollution so free,
As to nourish these germs from a heavenly tree;
Like shadows they come, and like shadows they go,
And leave in their place but the semblance of woe.

There are seasons when sunshine illumines the soul,
And the full tide of gladness seems o'er it to roll;
We bask in the sunshine and gather the flowers,
Till the very perfection of beauty seems ours.

But soon dreary winter comes hastening on,
With trees stript of verdure, and summer flowers
flown;
All Nature is robbed of her smiling array,
And yesterday's sunbeams are shadows to-day.

We can not, alas! find the beautiful here
Unmarred by decay, or undimmed by a tear;
But where anthems of rapture unceasingly swell,
There, only, the spirits of beauty can dwell.

We nourish this cion of heavenly birth,
And twine its frail tendrils round objects of earth;
We may strew our own pathway with gems and with
flowers,
But their fullest perfection can never be ours.

The spirit of beauty, the spirit of love,
May shine on us here from some bright realm above,
And full of delight is the foretaste thus given,
Of the raptures untold that await us in heaven.

Yes; there, when the storms of this world are all o'er,
And life's disappointments await us no more,
Oh! then our glad voices the chorus will swell,
When around and within us the beautiful dwell.

LINES TO A FRIEND IN SICKNESS.

I saw a tear-drop gather in a mother's eye,
I heard her breathe a deep, yet gentle sigh,
But could not ~~guess~~ guess her grief;
For ever and anon I heard a moan,
A stifled cry, as if some suffering one
Were asking for relief.

And oh! how wildly beat the mother's heart,
While every wail caused a fresh tear to start
From a fountain never dry:
Her child was suffering, yet she had no power,
To stand beside it in this trying hour,
To soothe its agony.

Prostrate upon a bed of pain she lay,
And who could hope to chase her gloom away,
While thus severely tried?
But see! a smile is gathering on her brow,
The eye of faith discerns a promise now,
The Lord will be thy guide.

Though on the brink of death your infant stands,
Can you not leave him in a Father's hand?
And in a Father's care?
His love will guard your little suffering one,
A love unchanging, ever as your own,
And he will hear your prayer.

Perchance his purpose yet may be to save,
And snatch your darling from the threatened grave,
And foes which now assail:
Can you not trust him for his mercies past,
And the sure promise of his grace at last,
When earthly hopes shall fail?

Oh yes; I know it by the brightly beaming eye,
That you have caught an inspiration from on high,
That faith has conquered fear:
If the mother's heart must bleed, the Christian's faith shall rise,
To see the flower she loved transplanted to the skies,
To bloom forever there.

"AWAKE THOU THAT SLEEPEST."

AWAKE thou that sleepest! no longer delay,
For Jesus, the Savior, invites you to-day:
His love spreads a banquet and bids you partake;
All things are now ready; wake, sleeper, awake.

Awake, for a morning more bright than before,
Will dawn on thy soul when its slumbers are o'er:
Thy dreams are delusive, and so they will prove,
Until you have tasted this banquet of love.

Awake! lest the spirit of love you defy,
For danger and death are lurking near by,
And while you are sleeping a message may come,
To summon your soul unprepared to its home.

Yes, far away hence, in that world of despair,
Alone and unloved all your burdens to bear,

Oh! then you will waken and knock at the door,
When its portals are closed to be opened no more.

Then wake, ere the day of probation be past,
Improve this brief season — it may be thy last;
But while it is thine, oh, haste to obey
The summons which call you to duty to-day.

Oh! why will you slumber when death is at hand,
And close on the brink of perdition you stand?
With none to protect from your mightiest foe,
Unconscious of danger, still onward you go.

Once more hear the message, "awake, sleeper, awake!"
While love spreads a banquet, oh, come and partake;
No longer delay when the table is spread,
And mercy invites you to come and be fed.

Oh! when this probation's brief season is o'er,
Death's trump will awake you to slumber no more;
Then list while the offers of mercy are given,
Lest you find yourself banished forever from heaven.

ON THE DEATH OF MARY E. SUETON.

REST thee, little suffering one,
Rest thee on a Savior's breast,
Thy brief scene of life is done,
Fly away and be at rest;
The bud too frail to blossom here,
Will bloom in richer beauty there.

Angels wait to welcome thee,
To brighter scenes beyond the skies,
And thy future home shall be,
With the blest in Paradise:
Oh! we would not ask thy stay,
When angels beckon thee away.

Mourner, wipe away the tear,
That comes unbidden to your eye,

Let this thought your spirit cheer,
  Mary lives beyond the sky;
For a little season given
To fade on earth, and bloom in heaven.

Mother, raise your earnest eye,
  And follow where she leads the way
To realms of bliss beyond the sky,
  To regions of immortal day:
Oh! yield her back to him who gave,
To Jesus, who alone can save.

And when life's changing scene is done,
  And pains and sorrows all are o'er,
May angels waft your spirit home,
  Where parting scenes are known no more;
Then back to your embrace be given,
Those blossoms you have reared for heaven.

LINES

ON THE

DEATH OF MRS. HEATH AND SON.

A FAIR young mother pressed her boy
With fondness to her heart,
And every ray of hope and joy,
Seemed from her to depart.

She gazed upon his lovely face,
So innocent and fair;
Her anxious eye could find no trace
Of the destroyer *there*.

But well she knew that on *her* brow,
An icy hand was pressed,
And she gazed upon her infant now,
With a heart but ill at rest.

She raised her tearful face to heaven,
And breathed one bitter sigh,
For she felt the mandate had been given,
And she must surely die;

Must leave this fondly cherished child,
And a daughter, young and fair —
What wonder that her heart beat wild
With anguish and despair.

And one there was who called her wife,
And well he loved her, too:
Oh! could she yield her precious life,
And bid them all adieu?

And must she leave them thus alone,
Their hearts by sorrow riven?
No, mother, no; that little one
Must lead the way to heaven.

For even now upon his brow
The seal of death is set;

Go, watch beside his bedside now,
He can not spare thee yet.

And murmur not, because in love
His Father calls him home;
He sits upon his throne above,
And sweetly bids him come.

He will not leave him motherless,
In this wide world of care,
But calls him to his fond embrace,
The joys of heaven to share.

She hears, and hastens to obey
This summons from on high,
And bids his spirit soar away
To realms beyond the sky.

She yields her treasure to the dust,
In darkness and in gloom;
But while the grave receives its trust,
The spirit hastens home.

Yes, to that bright and peaceful shore,
That only tranquil spot,
Where loved ones meet to part no more,
And sorrow enters not.

And now the mother's task is done,
Complete her work of love;
She calmly waits life's setting sun,
To waft her soul above.

The husband sits beside her bed,
With heavy grief oppressed,
And pillows her dear, aching head,
Upon his manly breast.

And well she loves that chosen one,
Whose wildly beating heart
Now tells most truly to her own,
How hard it is to part.

And well she loves those parents dear,
Who stand dissolved in tears,

For they had hopes that she would cheer
Their own declining years.

But vain their hopes, their tears are vain,
Since the mandate has been given,
And now, beyond the reach of pain,
Her spirit rests in heaven.

And with the child she loved so well,
On yonder blissful shore,
In perfect peace her soul shall dwell,
With Christ forever more.

LINES WRITTEN

ON THE

DEATH OF ISAAC H. TIBBALS.

FAREWELL sweet child, thou couldst not stay,
To revel in a world like this,
While angels beckon thee away
To regions of eternal bliss:
We yield thee back to Him who gave,
To Him who ransomed from the grave;
Dust to dust, and clod to clod,
But spirit back to spirit, God.

Perchance a mother's kindling eye,
Beamed brightly on her dying boy,
To win him upward to the sky,
Where pleasure reigns without alloy:
Perchance her form, divinely bright,
Was there to guard his upward flight,

To bear him safe on Jordan's flood,
Up to the presence of his God.

A second mother* too, was there,
To hover round his dying bed;
One who has offered many a prayer,
For blessings on his infant head:
Perchance those spirits, side by side,
Were hovering near him when he died,
To them the joyful mission given,
To bear his spirit safe to heaven.

They all have bid farewell to earth,
The loved and lovely, one by one,
And many a heart has felt a dearth,
As if in some far land alone:
But while we wept that they were gone,
Their spirits caught the angels' song;
So now, while we have felt the rod,
The child we love is safe with God.

---

*Grandmother.

And while another tie is riven —
  Another link in love's sweet chain —
Some spirit-voice is heard from heaven
  To whisper, "Ye may meet again:"
It whispers in a father's ear,
And all who loved the lost one here,
May hear this gentle spirit say,
"Come, follow where I lead the way."

Not to the dark abodes of death —
  Not to the shadows of the grave —
Oh! not for this we yield our breath,
  And pass o'er Jordan's stormy wave;
But to the bowers of endless love,
Prepared for thee in realms above,
Where all the storms of life are o'er,
And loved ones meet to part no more.

THE RIDE TO MIDDLETOWN.

ONE bright sunny morning we started away,
With Middletown friends to pass the day;
As good children should, we arranged with our mother
To take dinner at one place, and tea at another.

Now and then a bright cloud might be seen flitting by,
Scarce casting a shadow athwart the clear sky;
So light in its texture as still to reveal
The sunlight beyond, which it strove to conceal.

To the lovely in Nature our heart seemed akin,
With its sunlight above us, and gladness within;
And if we did linger awhile on the way,
Sure, no one could wonder at such a delay.

The forests were tinted with yellow and gold,
And the flowers, though so lovely, were still growing old;
For the first frosts of autumn had changed their bright hue,
And we could not but linger to bid them adieu.

But, like everything else, our ride had an end,
And at last we arrived at the house of our friend;
In "two hours and a half" we had come all the way,
Which was eight or nine miles, I will venture to say.

We were cordially welcomed, and seated at last,
To partake of a cheerful and pleasant repast;
We ate with good relish, then chatted till three,
When we thought it full time we were leaving for tea.

So, in spite of remonstrance, we started away,
And called at the "Squire's," where they urged us to stay;
We seemed to decline, in fact wishing to see
What time they would promise to give us our tea.

We spoke of the mountain that lay in our way,
And said, to be safe we must pass it by day;
"Oh yes," they replied, "all this you can do
Without any doubt, and take tea with us too."

So this matter arranged we were seated at least,
Quite willing to wait for our evening repast;
But alas! when it came the bright daylight had gone,
And the clouds seemed to threaten both darkness and storm.

What to do was the question—the night had come on,
And friends were now anxiously waiting at home;
We thought of the mountain, and shadowy trees,
And now, to be sure, we were not quite at ease.

But we started along, not daring to stay,
Lest our parents should think we were quite cast away;
We left one of our party, so saved her the fright
Of a ride through the woods such a dark, cloudy night.

But the shadows grew deeper as onward we passed,
Till we almost lost sight of each other at last;
We tried to be cheerful, the effort was vain,
And soon we relapsed into silence again.

What a contrast was this to the morning so fair,
When scarcely a cloud was afloat in the air,
And the forests around us, so bright in their hue —
How changed since the sunlight had bid them adieu.

But we passed on in safety, though not without dread
Lest some danger should lurk in the darkness ahead;
Every legend of old to terror allied,
Seemed now 'mid these mystical shadows to hide.

But soon the green mountain was left in the rear,
And the lights from the village began to appear;
The clouds were still dark, but the danger was past,
And we found ourselves landed in safety at last.

The first sound of our carriage wheels greeted the ear
Of those who were waiting so anxiously there;

They had feared for our safety, but now we had come,
Were all fully ready to welcome us home.

And when once the dominion of darkness was o'er,
The light seemed more cheerful than ever before;
But one great mistake we could now plainly see,
And resolved that in future we'd leave before tea.

LINES WRITTEN

TO A

COUSIN ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

And can it be that one so bright,
  So beautiful, so fair,
Has passed forever from your sight,
To yonder glorious realms of light,
  Where saints and angels are?

And can it be that death has riven
  That fondest earthly tie?
Has culled the flower so lately given,
That richest, dearest gift from heaven,
  And bid it bloom on high?

From the loved fireside of her home,
  You won her for your bride,

And hoped for years, long years to come,
Fondly to claim her as your own,
Whatever might betide.

With her alone you hoped to share
The weal and woe of life,
And every burden she might bear,
To lessen, by your watchful care,
And soothe each inward strife.

Her smile was sunshine in your home,
Her voice was melody;
And should an hour of darkness come,
It could not cast so deep a gloom,
Were she but spared to thee.

But now, alas! your hopes are vain,
Since death the tie has riven;
You *can not* win her back again,
Nor *would you*, to a world of pain,
From yonder peaceful heaven.

With her, the storms of life are o'er,
The Jordan safely passed;
And would you join her on that shore,
Where loved ones meet to part no more —
Be faithful to the last.

A Father's hand has laid the blow,
And called her spirit home;
Why should she linger here below
To bear the weight of human woe,
When Jesus bids her come?

Why should she not in triumph rise
To yonder distant land,
To meet her Savior in the skies,
And cull the flowers of paradise,
That bloom at God's right hand?

Then murmur not at His decree,
But pray to be forgiven;
For joyous shall your meeting be,
When she at last shall welcome thee
To the bright shores of Heaven.

"COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT ARE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

COME ye weary, broken-hearted,
Come and claim your promised rest;
See the heavens above you parted,
Come, and be forever blest:
Give us some endearing token
Of your willingness to come;
Even now heaven's gates are open,
Come then, wandering one, come home.

Are you weary of your sorrow
In this world of sin and woe?
Oh! there is a glad to-morrow
In that world to which we go:
Perfect rest will there be given,
Grief will be forever o'er;
Come then, start with us for heaven,
And serve a guilty world no more.

Earth's purest joys are vain and fleeting,
And leave a void she can not fill;
While even some new pleasure seeking,
That aching void is with you still:
In vain you seek by mirth and gladness,
To drown the warning voice within;
Your very joy will change to sadness
While pleasure is the fruit of sin.

Then welcome in this guest from heaven,
Let Jesus in your bosom reign,
And to your spirit shall be given
A perfect rest from care or pain:
And if around you clouds of sorrow
Should ever gather thick and fast,
Look forward to a bright to-morrow,
For heaven shall be your home at last.

CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

See! in the garden, lone and drear,
The Savior bows his head in prayer;
And in that dark and trying hour,
When fearful tempests round Him lower,
Jesus, the pure and sinless one,
Is left to bear His cross alone.

Oh! is there not one heart to share
The bitter burden He must bear;
Not one, in all that chosen band,
By Him in this dark hour to stand,
To wipe the blood drops from His brow,
And soothe His anguished spirit now?

Alas! their hearts are filled with dread,
While danger gathers round His head;
Their faith is weak — they do not know,
That He must drink this cup of woe,

Must bear the burden of their sin
Ere he can wash away its stain.

And who can tell the fearful power
Of anguish, at that midnight hour!
For 'mid the darkness of the place
The Father hides His smiling face,
And from behind a cloud looks on,
To see the triumph of His Son.

And now His cup of human woe
Is filled, and ready to o'erflow;
The burden of our sin is laid
With fearful weight upon His head,
While from their mansions in the sky,
Angels look down with wondering eye.

But hark! we hear a stealthy tread —
They come, the band by Judas led;
He knows the Savior's place of prayer,
And silently conducts them there;
And oh! was ever guilt like this?
Betrays his Master by a kiss.

And now, alas! that faithless band
In utter consternation stand;
What can they do? what can they say?
While thus they see him borne away,
The victim of a cruel pride,
Falsely condemned and crucified.

And now, upon the accursed tree,
He fills His cup of agony;
The ransom for our sins is paid,
On Him is all the burden laid,
And at His last expiring cry
Deep darkness vails the earth and sky.

'T is finished — yes; that dying groan
Proclaims salvation's work is done;
And while with wonder we applaud
The condescension of a God,
Let us a song of triumph raise
To our Redeemer's endless praise.

LINES

ON THE

DEATH OF ALBERT B. CHAPMAN.

I saw him in his youthful pride
But one short month ago,
Amid a bright and joyous band
Who little dreamed of woe;
The smile that played upon his lip,
And lighted up his eye,
Betokened all that heart could ask
Of youthful buoyancy.

And little dreamed we in that hour
Of gladness and of mirth,
How soon that loved and cherished one
Would pass away from earth;
The bloom of health was on his cheek,
Its gladness in his heart,

And in the festive scenes of life
He joyed to take a part.

But earth hath not a flower too fair
To wither and decay,
And such as claim our fondest care
Are first to pass away;
So he has passed away from earth
In all his youthful bloom,
And they have laid his lifeless form
Down in the silent tomb.

A band of stricken ones are there
To weep around his grave,
But the most agonizing prayer
Is powerless now, to save;
For since the mandate has been given
That he must surely die,
No earthly power can stay the hand,
Or change his destiny.

No more shall he return to earth,
Or seek its pleasures more,
Yet may we meet him once again
On heaven's eternal shore:
And when this scene of life is done,
And all its changes past,
Oh! may we find a peaceful home,
And rest in heaven at last.

LINES

ADDRESSED

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICTION.

Why upon the willows, why,
Let your harp-strings droop and die?
Why untuned the sacred lyre?
Why unbreathed the soul's desire?
What though sadness fill the strain?
Joy will echo back again;
What though sorrow dim the eye?
Peace will follow by and by;
One thing ever bear in mind,
When no comfort you can find,
To the heart most sorely riven
Is the sweetest promise given.

'T is hard, 't is very hard, I know,
To bear the weight of human woe,
To yield our treasures one by one,
Till we are left to weep alone;
To feel of every hope bereft,
Without one ray of comfort left,
With none to cheer us, none to bless,
Or meet us with a fond caress;
No guiding star to lead the way,
Or shed one mild and genial ray;
Oh! this in very truth would be
The depth of human misery.

And can it be that aught of bliss
Can mingle with a lot like this?
That he who walks the earth alone
Can find an arm to lean upon?
And when of earthly hope bereft
Has still a richer treasure left?
Oh! can it be that life to him
Brings hopes which sorrow can not dim?

Ah! see the brightly beaming eye,
As faith points upward to the sky,
And tell me if a lot like this
Brings not its own full share of bliss.

Then murmur not though one dear face
Is missed from its accustomed place,
Though one you loved, perchance the best,
Is called to his eternal rest;
For oh! with all his sins forgiven,
You feel that he was ripe for heaven;
That he has only passed away
To regions of eternal day,
While many loved ones yet remain
To bind you to the earth again;
Nay, murmur not at heaven's decree,
While yet so much remains to thee.

Then why upon the willows, why,
Let your harp-strings droop and die?
Come, strike anew the sacred lyre
In union with the heavenly choir,

And sing a song of grateful love
To Him who rules and reigns above;
And if one murmuring thought should rise,
Let faith point upward to the skies,
Where all the storms of life are past,
And full fruition comes at last;
Where pains and sorrows all are o'er,
And loved ones meet to part no more.

TO THE FRIENDS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Ye who have watched my childhood
With a love unfeigned and true,
Now I have come to riper years
Fond memory turns to you,
And lingers long and lovingly
Upon those scenes long past,
When o'er the sunshine of my days
No shadow had been cast.

And even now I love to dwell
Upon that cloudless sky,
When friends most dear were ever near
To guard my infancy;
And one there was whose kindling eye,
And deep and earnest tone,
Breathed of a tenderness which flows
From a mother's heart alone.

And you were there, kind, gentle friends,
The constant and the true,
And memory turns with deep regret
And earnest love to you;
And ever, ever in my heart
This memory shall dwell,
Till in a dying hour, to earth
It bids a long farewell.

WE PART

TO

MEET AGAIN, SURVIVING HUSBAND.*

THE pulse of life beats feebly now,
And every nerve is racked with pain,
But husband, calm your troubled brow,
We only part to meet again.

My Savior calls my spirit home,
In realms of perfect bliss to dwell;
There will I linger till you come,
And meet you there — till then, farewell.

The ties of earthly love are strong,
And fondly do I cling to thee,

---

* Lines inscribed on the tombstone of her mother.

For we have been companioned long,
And sadly will you weep for me.

And oh! how gladly would I stay
To share a faithful husband's love,
But angels beckon me away,
And I must seek my home above.

And now, farewell; my parting kiss,
My parting love to thee is given,
And may my Savior grant me this —
To share my husband's love in heaven.

TO A BABE

SLEEPING

ON ITS MOTHER'S BOSOM.

PILLOWED on thy mother's breast,
Rest thee, darling, sweetly rest;
Peaceful must thy slumbers be
While her bosom shelters thee:
There, secure from every ill,
Sleeping infant, rest thee still.
Joys like these are quickly past,
But the sweeter while they last;
Then enjoy them while you may,
Ere their season pass away:
Soon upon that infant face
Sorrow may have left its trace,
Hope's delusive dreams have fled,
Which o'er thy path a radiance shed,

And smiles which sweetly cheer us now,
May change to shadows on thy brow.
Oh! if to us were given the key
To unlock thy future destiny,
We can not tell how much of sadness,
Nor yet perchance how much of gladness,
We might unfold; but this is given
To us, to ask one boon of heaven,
And now while on thy mother's knee,
We ask this richest boon for thee:
How much of earthly weal or woe
Be thine, we do not ask to know;
We only ask that thou may'st be
From crime and dark pollution free,
And when life's stormy sea is past,
May'st find in heaven a home at last.

DEDICATING AN ALBUM.

To friendship, constancy and love,
I dedicate this album fair,
And trust that all your friends may prove
As pure as now these pages are;
From every blot and stain as free
And spotless, may they ever be.

But should some false, though flattering tongue,
At times deceive your trusting heart,
Remember 't is a world of wrong,
And meekly choose "the better part,"
Forgiving, as you hope and pray
Forgiveness at the final day.

And ever bear within your breast
A gentle spirit free from guile,
And for the suffering and distressed
A helping hand and cheering smile;

For woman's mission is to cheer
And bless the poor and sorrowing here.

But ever, ever bear in mind,
That earthly scenes must pass away,
And seek in earnest, till you find
A treasure which will ne'er decay;
Something that earth can ne'er bestow,
A Savior's smile and blessing too.

PRAYERFUL MEDITATIONS.

Oh! may the dews of heavenly grace
Descend on our apostate race
Some gentle influence from above,
To win us back to life and love;

For oh! how cold our hearts have grown
While left to wander here alone,
Without the Holy Spirit's power
To guard us in each trying hour.

Temptations from without combine
With strong temptations from within;
The world, the flesh, and Satan, too,
Each strives the other to outdo.

The world, how fleeting, yet how fair!
How subtle its allurements are!

And kneeling at some earthly shrine,
Lord, we forget to kneel at thine.

The flesh, its passions and desires,
Kindle within unholy fires,
And prone to grovel here below,
Our journey heavenward, oh how slow!

And Satan! with what fearful power
He comes in some unguarded hour,
To bid the spirit cling to earth,
Forgetful of its heavenly birth!

Yet there is one at God's right hand,
Through whom, as conquerors, we may stand;
Dear Savior, bid each tempter flee,
And bind our wandering hearts to thee.

And when these earthly scenes are past,
Receive us to thyself at last;
And with our many sins forgiven,
Oh! may we live and love in heaven.

LINES ON MY MOTHER'S DEATH.

And can it be that six long years have passed,
My angel mother, since I saw thee last?
Since by thy bedside at the dead of night,
We watched to see thy spirit take its flight?
And stood dissolved in speechless sorrow, while
Upon thy features played a heavenly smile?

To her, death came not like a thief at night,
Nor found her unprepared to take her flight,
For she had waited for her Savior's voice,
And at its bidding she could now rejoice;
Yes, she could smile and bid us all adieu,
For heaven was opening to her raptured view.

For days before, while life was ebbing fast,
And every one we thought might be the last,

Her thoughts had seemed to concentrate on this,
Her birthday, which should consummate her bliss;
And on the Sabbath, of all days the best,
She thought to enter her eternal rest.

But it had come and gone, the sun had set,
The night passed on, and she was with us yet;
No signs of dissolution seemed to appear,
And she was entering on another year;
And then we fondly hoped that she would stay
A little longer, ere she passed away.

But soon a change came o'er our spirits' dream,
And the hope we cherished proved a fitful gleam.

* * * * * *

NOTE. — Unfinished. Mrs. Booth died the following morning.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

THE quiet eve, so calm and still,
Comes o'er us with a soothing power,
And higher thoughts our spirits fill,
While musing at the twilight hour.

The busy cares of life are o'er,
The laborer's daily task is done,
And now, beside his cottage door,
He views the calmly setting sun.

The little bird, with folded wing,
Is safe within her sheltered nest;
The dewdrops to the flow'rets cling,
And all creation seems at rest.

And softly on the evening breeze
  Is borne a sound of music rare,
Floating amid the leafy trees
  Like breathings from a seraph's lyre.

And as its cadence dies away,
  We catch the spirit of its strain,
And the breathings of our evening lay
  Are echoed back to heaven again.

TO MR. AND MRS WHIPPLE,

ON THE

DEATH OF THEIR CHILD.

I SAW a gentle little child
  Upon its mother's breast,
Of fragile form, of temper mild,
  And tenderly caressed.

The youngest of that little band
  Of beings, bright and fair;
Perchance the best beloved of all
  For needing most of care.

And fair and fragile from its birth,
  This little child had been —
Too frail to dwell upon this earth
  Of sorrow and of sin.

And soon the seal of death was set
Upon his infant brow,
And tears of sorrow and regret
Are unavailing now;

For close within his coffin bed,
His little head lies low,
Unmindful of the tears you shed,
Unheeding all your woe.

Yet, mother, raise your tearful eye
To Him who heareth prayer,
And with a true and earnest faith
Behold your treasure there;

There, in the bosom of his God,
With every sin forgiven —
Oh mother! *you* have felt the rod,
But *he* is safe in heaven.

Father, go stand beside the grave
Of your cherished little one,

And learn with holy trust to say,
Thy will, my God, be done.

Brothers, beside that little grave,
Oh! yield your hearts to Him,
Who gave his precious life to save
From the fearful guilt of sin.

And sisters, come while yet you may,
And seek that better part,
Which earth can never take away —
A new and holy heart.

Then when these earthly scenes are o'er,
And you are called away,
Oh! may you meet to part no more,
In realms of endless day.

There may you dwell at God's right hand,
With all your sins forgiven,
A happy and united band,
A family in heaven.

ON THE DECEASE

OF

A YOUTHFUL SAINT.

GENTLE spirit, rest thee now
  Upon thy Savior's breast,
The seal of death is on thy brow,
  By icy fingers pressed;
In triumph will thy spirit rise
  Beyond the opening tomb,
To the fair bowers of paradise,
  Where flowers immortal bloom.

Oh! it were sin to weep for thee,
  Though the tenderest ties be riven,
Or mourn the early destiny
  Of one so ripe for heaven:

Nerved for the conflict of thy faith,
With all thine armor on,
Oh! thine shall be the victor's wreath,
A bright, immortal crown.

Though young in years, how rich in grace,
How full of faith and love,
How worthy of an honored place
Among the saints above;
And fancy paints thee, gentle one,
Arrayed in robes of light,
Kneeling before the eternal throne,
Unwearied, day and night.

Though thine was but a short career,
Well didst thou win the prize;
The heart inured to suffering here
Soon ripened for the skies:
Through fiery trials by the way
Thy feet were called to tread,
Until they laid the lifeless clay
Down with the silent dead.

And when upon the bed of pain,
With patience sorely tried,
Faith pointed to the Lamb once slain,
Jesus the crucified —
The only offering for sin,
The one great sacrifice —
That blood has washed thy spirit clean,
And won for thee the prize.

And now, where saints and angels meet
Around the throne of God,
All worshipers at Jesus' feet,
And saved through pardoning blood,
There shall thy gentle spirit rest,
Secure from every ill,
And sweetly on thy Savior's breast
In love be pillowed still.

LINES WRITTEN

ON THE

DEATH OF MRS. MARY E. BENTON.

Oh! sad and mournful 't is to see
Earth's fairest flowers decay —
The brightest and the best beloved
Are first to pass away:
They bloom in beauty for awhile,
To captivate the eye,
Doubly repay us for our toil,
Then wither, droop, and die.

And sometimes in the human heart
A worship, deep and wild,
Is cherished for some gentle one,
A sister or a child:
Then is the idol stricken down
In all its youthful bloom,

And the loved, but cold and lifeless form,
Laid in the silent tomb.

Thus, in the morning of her day
Of hopes and promise bright,
A fair young girl has passed away
Forever from our sight:
Enshrined in many a kindred heart,
And loved perchance too well,
The anguish of that parting hour
What stranger tongue can tell?

So young, so tenderly beloved
As daughter, sister, friend,
With all the sweetest joys of life
Her name will ever blend;
And oft will memory recall
Those scenes forever fled,
And friends may hold communion still,
The living with the dead.

Yet for the torn and bleeding heart
A healing balm is given,

And she, we trust, was borne from earth
On angel-wings to heaven:
With her life's changing scene is done,
Its griefs and sorrows past,
While we are left to struggle on,
Till death shall come at last.

Then, mourner, dry the falling tear,
And quell the rising sigh,
And with the eye of faith behold
Your treasure in the sky:
Amid a band of seraphs bright,
Who worship round the throne,
Behold her there, arrayed in light,
Your beautiful, your own.

LINES

ON THE

DEATH OF WM. H. HOLKINS.

Lo! a message has come from the spirit land
With a mandate we all must obey,
And one from the midst of a bright, joyous band,
Has been hastily summoned away:
We can not recall the spirit once fled,
Nor would we, to sorrow and pain;
But we may look beyond the abodes of the dead,
With a bright hope of meeting again.

But dread is the mandate, and dark is the hour,
When the loved one is summoned away,
And fondly we cling to the frail, fading flower,
Still precious 'mid blight and decay:

But the bright star of promise is seen 'mid the gloom,
Guiding on to the home of the blest,
And faith points its finger beyond the dark tomb,
Where the weary and worn are at rest.

And the sufferer, once freed from the sorrows of earth,
Oh! would you recall him again?
Though lonely the fireside, and cheerless the hearth,
Your loss is his infinite gain:
You may mourn for your loved one, for Jesus once wept
As he stood by the grave of a friend,
And sacred the spot where Lazarus slept,
Since with it such memories blend.

You may weep, but not murmur, 'tis heaven's decree,
Though gloomy and dark is the grave,
And a message of mercy perchance it may be,
The loved and the living to save:
Father, mother, oh can you not yield to your God
This only one son of your love?
'T is He who now bids you pass under the rod,
Your trust in his promise to prove.

And you who are mourning a brother beloved,
To you has this message been given,
And God in his love has this rival removed
To win your thoughts upward to heaven:
He would teach you how short-lived the pleasures of earth,
How vain and how fleeting at best,
How transient its sunshine, how passing its mirth,
And how dreamy and troubled its rest.

Then parents and sisters, weep not in despair
O'er the grave of this dear, cherished one,
But oh! for a joyful reunion prepare,
When for you the dread summons shall come:
He has passed the dark wave, he has entered his rest,
His scene of probation is o'er,
And there, in the bright, happy home of the blest,
You may meet to be parted no more.

TO MY BROTHER

ON

HIS APPROACHING MARRIAGE.

I WOULD twine a wreath for the brow of the bride,
Who soon at the altar will stand by your side —
A wreath of bright blossoms, whose beauty and bloom
Would outlive the darkness and blight of the tomb;
A garland whose fragrance would never depart,
For its blossoms should spring from the soil of the heart.

I would wish you contentment — that wealth of the mind,
More pure and more precious than jewels refined —
A friend and companion to walk by your side,
Still loved as a wife, when no longer a bride;

Whose presence alone would sunshine impart,
And the light of whose smile would gladden your heart.

And I wish you a home, where the bright smile of love
From each cherished inmate your welcome shall prove —
A home where the *heart* a safe shelter shall find,
And where treasures of wealth are stored for the *mind:*
If such be your home, whether palace or cot,
It will be, of all others, the heart's chosen spot.

And oh! with all this, to you be it given
To find here on earth a sweet foretaste of heaven;
And may years of content, as onward they roll,
Bring joy to your heart, and peace to your soul:
If such, my dear brother, your portion shall be,
My heart's fondest wish shall be answered for thee.

LINES WRITTEN IN A BIBLE

PRESENTED

TO HER SON BY HIS PARENTS.

PERCHANCE, dear boy, when years are fled,
And we are numbered with the dead,
This first parental gift may be
A token of our love to thee:
Guard well a treasure so divine,
And make its sacred precepts thine —
The richest boon to mortals given,
Oh! may it guide thee safe to heaven.

LINES WRITTEN

FOR

MRS. J. B. CHAPMAN.

FULL well do I remember a few short years ago,
How bright and sunny was that home, so sad and lonely now!
And well do I remember those scenes of festive mirth,
So oft enjoyed with friends beloved around that social hearth.

And very pleasant were those scenes, so full of mirthful glee,
For friends were kind and loving, and the hours went dancing by;
Bright eyes were fondly beaming, and joyous smiles were there,
And the sunshine of affection could almost banish care.

And one there was, whose sparkling eye and ever
beaming smile,
Were wont, in hours of sadness, each sorrow to be-
guile —
The husband and the father, to every heart so dear,
Is missed from his accustomed place around the fire-
side there.

And she, the wife and mother, could lean confidingly
Upon that strong and manly arm, and dread no dan-
ger nigh;
Her trusting heart could fear no ill while he was by
her side,
The dear companion of her life, her guardian and
her guide.

He left her for a few short months to seek a distant
shore,
Where gold was brightly shining, and friends had
gone before;
Oh! then her smile was quenched, and a tear was in
her eye,
Although the star of hope still smiled ascendant in
the sky.

Sure 't was an evil monitor who lured him thus away,
Far from the home he loved so well, the friends who urged his stay!
A monitor too oft obeyed, too tempting in its tone,
While *she*, with friends and kindred, still felt herself alone.

Alone, for *he* was absent, yet true and loving still,
Trusting and hoping his return, each vacancy to fill!
But vain and fleeting were her hopes, for soon the tidings came,
That he was sleeping far away beneath the billowy main.

Oh! then her heart was lonely—how lonely *few* can tell,
For few perchance have ever loved so fondly and so well!
And yet she smiles again, but not her own accustomed smile,
For sorrow rankles at her heart, and dims her eye the while.

Children may mourn, as they can mourn, a father
kind and good,
But yet *her* heart must deeply feel its lonely widow-
hood;
She longs to lay her weary head on his protecting
breast,
And find, as oft in other days, her sweetest place of
rest.

But this may never, never be; her early dream is
fled,
And he who won her youthful heart is with the silent
dead;
He sleeps beneath the distant seas, where waves are
dashing o'er,
And hearts most true and loving may meet on earth
no more.

But yet a brighter, holier scene is opened to the view,
Where hearts by death long sundered their friendships
may renew.—

A blissful future yet awaits the true and pure of heart,
Where sorrowing friends and kindred may meet no more to part.

And this may be thy portion, most sorely stricken one,
If thou with faith and patience forever struggle on:
Then dry the tear of sorrow and pray to be forgiven,
That thou may'st enter the abodes of the redeemed in heaven.

TO MRS. FOWLER.

LADY, how sweet is the lay of love
You have sent to welcome my innocent dove;
And were mine the poet's magic art
To speak the promptings of the heart,
I would waken the voice of melody
To find an answering strain for thee.

Yes, fain would I strike the slumbering lyre,
And kindle a flame of poetic fire;
Fain would my *muse* respond to thine,
As my *heart* responds to every line,
For lady, a treasure indeed to me
Is this gem of truth and poetry.

And since to my heart this treasure is given,
"Waking within it the music of heaven,"

May heaven give me grace to nurture aright
A being so pure, a blossom so bright;
And I know while I cherish a jewel so rare
It shall richly reward my tenderest care.

And lady, this bird with folded wing,
Content in our household bower to sing,
Seems almost an angel sent from above
To waken within us a fountain of love:
Oh! this is my prayer, to us be it given
To train him on earth for an angel in heaven.

MUSINGS.

I SIT beside the cradle bed
Where my loved boy is sleeping,
And sometimes silent tears I shed,
Yet can not tell why weeping;
For bright and pleasant is his smile,
Without one care or sorrow,
And if to-day so free from guile,
Why tremble for the morrow.

If ever innocent as now,
From grief and stain as free;
If time could write upon his brow
No trace of misery;
Then might I fear no future ill,
And dread no danger nigh;
Then might my trusting heart be still,
And tranquil in its joy.

Could I but guide his fragile boat
Through all its destiny,
Oh! how securely should it float
Across life's troubled sea!
No storm should rise, no danger frown,
His gentle heart to chill —
A mother's love would guard her own
From every threatened ill.

And have I then so little faith
In him who rules above?
Can I forget that Jesus saith
"These little ones I love?"
Can I forget that He who reigns
And rules above the sky
In glorious majesty, yet deigns
To hear an infant cry?

Oh no; I will not thus forget,
Or ever doubt His love,
But hope to meet my infant yet
In brighter realms above;

A mother's love, a mother's care,
Shall yet in faith be given,
And then may both together share
A happier home in heaven.